

the **LINK**

February 1958

IT TAKES A MAN!

YOUNG AND SCARED

HE BRAVED BULLETS

A PROTESTANT JOURNAL FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL



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COVER: Front cover, farm road in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains, Oregon. F. D. Silkey; back cover, atop Hoodoo Butte, Oregon Cascade after a twenty-seven inch snowfall. F. D. Silkey.

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STAFF

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Marion J. Creeger

EDITOR: Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

CIRCULATION MGR.: Isabel R. Senar

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The Darkest Hour

The only marked grave in Valley Forge was that of Lt. John Waterman of Rhode Island. The original stone is in the museum in the old carriage house by Washington's headquarters, the scene of this story, and the grave site on the Parade Grounds is marked by an obelisk in memory of all the men who died there

IT was a gray and dreary day, and the spirit of George Washington, as he sat in his Headquarters at Valley Forge, matched the day. On his desk were reports and dispatches, one a secret one telling him what he had long suspected, about an undercover attack on him personally; another, a complaint to Congress in York; and still a third, an account of their consideration of replacing him as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army for incompetence. They still thought he should attack Howe in Philadelphia. With what? he asked himself bitterly, a few ragged, half-starved, half-sick men?

He smashed his fist down on his desk and the inkhorn rattled, and the quill pen leaped out with a spatter of ink across a paper. Remove me? he thought. Well, let

them! Why should I spend my money, my life, my days this way? I am no military man. I am a farmer, a gentleman of Virginia, with a mother and a wife, and an old family name. I have risked all those, I have made myself a traitor in the eyes of the king of my forebears, and for what? Nothing, but to be reviled and criticized!

A figure went past the window wearing the blue and white of his own bodyguards. An orderly opened the back door, and a moment later one of his favorite officers stood before Washington's desk, his hand in salute.

"What luck, Captain?" Washington asked him, and gave him a smile which he did not return.

"No luck, sir," he said, bitterly. "They will not sell them to us. Dirty, mouldy, frostbitten old potatoes they

are, and worth nothing. But they prefer to dump them into the Schuylkill rather than sell them to us for our paper money."

Washington sighed. Those potatoes which a farmer had left over from a previous summer's crop would have been a godsend to the men. They were used to worse fare than that. He had seen their cooks digging into the salt herring barrel and bringing out lumps of stuff so far gone it could not be separated into individual fish anymore. Oh, yes, men would eat anything when they were hungry. Those potatoes, shriveled, half-rotted, blackened with frost, would have been a banquet.

"So that is how they feel," he said, heavily. "Eh—well—"

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"No, Captain—no, thank you."

There was a strange expression on the captain's face. He was only a boy, and a boy in trouble, Washington thought. The captain saluted, turned away, and walked out of the room. Washington noticed that he seemed despondent.

Washington went out after him to call Billy, his Negro servant, to come and put another log on the fire, and saw Henry going down the hallway with something under his arm.

"Henry!" he called.

The captain stopped and faced around.

"What is that you have under your arm?"

"Just—" he gulped. "Just a stone, sir, that I found along the road. I think it should be easy to cut—"

"What do you mean?" Washington asked. "Sit down, lad, and tell me about it."

He sat down on the low window seat. "Lieutenant Waterman—" he swallowed hard. "He—last night—he died."

Lieutenant Waterman! No! Men like him didn't die! Ah, but they did. It was exactly men like him who did die—the finest, the best!

He remembered when Colonel McLane came into his office one night. Waterman was with him, and one or two others, reeking of horse and with foam on their boots as if they had ridden hard.

"We had a brush with a scouting party of British," McLane reported. Then he pulled out of his pocket a little bag and poured from it a handful of gold coins to the desk. English gold! Washington looked from them to the grinning faces of the men, to the dancing eyes of Waterman. "By accident we killed one of their horses, and Waterman here says, 'Wouldn't it be a good joke to butcher the animal right here, and dress up one of our men like a farmer and send him to Philadelphia to sell it as good beef!' And that's what we did. All that good English gold for one of their own fat horses!"

Washington laughed, and that had been a signal for them to laugh too. They shouted with glee and slapped their thighs like schoolboys at the successful outcome of their joke.

It was Waterman who had started the series of drinking bouts. Washington had heard about them and investigated, curious to know where they were getting all that liquor. One

of them brought a stone jug into the hut where some men were gathered, and took a drink from it, smacked his lips, and passed it to the others who made similar expressions of delight and satisfaction. The last man handed it to Washington without looking at him. There was nothing in the jug but cold water from the spring. Washington handed the jug back.

"You're better off with that kind, boys," he said.

YOU mean—Waterman—?" he gasped, still unable to comprehend it.

Henry nodded. "They're burying him tomorrow, and I can't bear it. To bury him with the others—roll him into a trench with the others who died—Why, I buried my dog with

more ceremony than that! So—I can scratch his initials and a date on this with my sword. There's no regulation about that, is there, sir?"

"No, son," Washington said, slowly. "No regulation at all." He laid a hand on the boy's shoulder and at the touch the lad looked up for an instant. Then his face crumpled and he fought for self-control, then broke utterly.

"He was my friend," he sobbed. "Everyone loved him. I can't stand to see him—" He buried his face in his hands and his grief shook him with the terrible, wrenching sobs of a man pushed past endurance.

Washington turned away from him and examined the piece of stone. Then he went to the kitchen and called, "Billy, bring a chisel and hammer, will you?" He went to the



fireplace and chose a stick of wood blackened to charcoal, and roughly traced the initials "J.W." and the date under them, "1778," on the stone.

"Come this way," he said to Henry, and led him into the big, brickfloored kitchen. Billy gave him the chisel and hammer, and he laid the stone down on the table. Between them they chiseled out the lines carefully. It took a little while to do it, but it gave Henry something to do besides grieve—one last thing to do for his friend.

At last it was done, and he took it under his coat and again his hand was on the latch of the front door.

"Where—where is it to be?" Washington asked.

"We have chosen a spot on the edge of the Parade Ground," he said. "The Chaplain has promised to read—"

"May I be there too?" Washington asked.

"We would be honored, sir," said Henry. He saluted and went away quickly.

WASHINGTON went back to his office. He felt suddenly that he couldn't go on. He had reached the end. He was at the head of a lost cause, and he might as well face it. Any time Howe could come and take his army. Twenty miles to his well-shod men and well-mounted cavalry would mean nothing. Even the deep trenches dug so painfully four feet down into the frozen earth, the forts, the breastworks bristling with sharpened tree branches, the stone walls of the rifle

pit, could not hold the British back.

The passage way from the buttery to the Schuylkill River was always kept open, and there was a boat at the end of it, with oars and axes in it for breaking the ice in the river. He could get away. But did he want to? What difference did it make, after all? Better to surrender, to be tried as a traitor, and die an un-



honored son of an honored family, than let more boys like John Waterman die! Better—

He got up suddenly. He couldn't stand it any more. He put on his great coat and went out.

The air was cold, and a sharp wind was blowing from the river. He turned his back to it and turned up the collar of his coat. He didn't know where he was going—only that

he wanted to walk—to get away from the desk with its depressing pile of discouraging dispatches—anywhere!

The snow scrunched under his feet as he walked past the stables and carriage house and then struck across a field, down a slope to follow the creek. It was frozen over solid. The willows leaned over it, their slender twigs like strips of tinsel, and the dead weeds were coated with ice. There was more snow in the dull lead clouds above him. More snow! Heaven help the poor boys! He crossed the creek, into the dim enclosure of a thicket where a flock of juncos were feeding on weed seeds. God cares for the birds—birds which sell two for a farthing. —“And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.” He remembered his mother’s measured tones as she read that one night at family prayers. What came next? “But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

He dropped to his knees on the snow there. There are times when one does not need spoken words—when God hears what the heart cries out in its agony. How long he stayed there he did not know, but presently he thought he heard a sound and was recalled to his surroundings. The clouds had broken and a shaft of light came through like the sun through a cathedral window, making the ice on the arching boughs of the trees and on the tiniest blades of grass to twinkle like prisms on a chandelier.

He got up from his knees, brushed

the snow off his coat, and started to walk back. At the edge of the thicket he saw a footprint. It looked like a narrow, square-toed print of Isaac Potts’ shoe, but he could not be sure. It made no difference if he saw him. Potts was a good man.

All around him was peace and quiet. The ice-sheathed branches above him struck together with little tinkling noises, and the ice-covered blades of grass broke under his feet with tiny splinterings. He crossed the creek again and came up the slight rise by the stable, and there he saw wagon tracks. Curious, he went around the stable, where two orderlies were cleaning the frozen mud and icicles from the body of a coach—*his* coach.

HE rushed for the house, his boots slipping on the icy path, and in the back door.

“Martha!” he cried. “Martha!”

There she was, half way up the stairs, standing on the landing by the back window. She was wearing a dress of purple stuff.

“Oh, Martha,” he cried. “I have wanted you so!”

The stuff of her dress was warm and soft against his face, and fragrant with the scent of flowers. It carried him back to a southern garden perfumed with box and honeysuckle and lavender flowers. He could only hold her with his arms around her and his face hidden against her.

He felt her hand on his hair.

“I have wanted you, too, George,” she said, quietly, “and I am staying with you now.”

He looked at her in surprise. This was no place for her!

"That room in front will be mine," she went on. "It is a very nice room with a good fireplace in it. It will do very well for us to sit and sew."

"Us?"

"Of course," she said, serenely, "Some of the officers have their wives near here, and there are farmers whose wives will come. You'll see. We shall sew and knit and mend the uniforms of the men. —And now—Where have you been, George? Your stockings are wet. Run and change your clothes. I took the liberty of sending your orderly for that nice young Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, for dinner. I want to make sure that the wound he received at Brandywine is healing

nicely. Now, run along and change. We must not keep the Marquis waiting when he comes!"

He went to his room at the top of the stairs, and slowly unbuckled his sword, and laid it across his bed. Then he walked over and looked out the west window to where the creek gleamed in the dying sun's rays. Even the dark shadow of the mountain was deep, warm, soft purple like Martha's dress, and the snowy field resembled white cloth thrown hastily upon the brown earth.

With Martha and God and the memory of men like Waterman, they could not fail! Across the snowy fields and woods a million sparkling prisms cast twinkling rainbows—God's rainbow promises of hope!



"Him and his hot lunches"

It Takes a Man!

By RAYMOND M. VEH

CHRISTIANITY is not a religion for weaklings retreating from life. It is a religion for strong men who dare to take a stand that may cost them life itself. Men of this caliber made Christianity a triumphant religion in its early days. They underwent terrific persecution and many died. Yet they counted it a privilege to share the sufferings of their Lord.

They Died Together

Theodora and Didymus are examples of these determined Christians. Theodora was a girl of unusual beauty living in Antioch around A.D. 250. She was arrested and condemned as a Christian. As punishment she was imprisoned in a house of prostitution where she was to be forced to surrender her moral purity and beauty. Didymus, a fellow Christian, found out about this and discovered where Theodora was being kept. He then disguised himself in the uniform of a Roman soldier and gained access to the brothel. There he persuaded Theo-

dora to put on the uniform and escape, which she did. Didymus lingered behind to fool the Romans.

When the captors discovered Didymus they immediately sentenced him to death. Theodora got word of the sentence, and was greatly disturbed that someone else was taking the punishment that would have been hers. Accordingly, she gave herself up to the judge, begging that he put her to death and release Didymus. The heartless judge, without respect for the courage and sacrifice of either, had both of them decapitated and their bodies burnt.

Early Christian Martyrs

Stephen, Paul, Peter all suffered at the hands of persecutors. They knew the Christ as a man who had walked among men. But they also knew him as a Savior, and as a living power. Their loyalty to him led them to take a stand for Christ, regardless of the cost. They did not know the word compromise.

Recall, for example, the time

Peter and John were brought before the Sanhedrin for healing a lame man in the name of Christ. The elders and high priests had commanded them to stop using that name. Peter declared, "Whether it is right in the sight of God to listen to you rather than to God, you must judge; for we cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard" (Acts 4:19).

Following their release, the apostles continued to proclaim Christ and were again hailed before the Sanhedrin and charged to silence. Once again Peter showed no fear and refused to change his position: "We must obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised Jesus whom you killed by hanging him on a tree. . . And we are witnesses to these things, and so is the Holy Spirit whom God has given to those who obey him'" (Acts 5:29-32).

It was over this absolute refusal to renounce Christ that early Christians and the Roman Empire clashed head-on.

In those days the most important thing that a newly-won Christian could do was to lead someone else to know Christ. This passing of the good news gained the momentum of a chain reaction. Each convert became an evangel and finally the whole Roman Empire heard the message.

This spontaneous lay evangelism was one way the gospel spread, but not the only way. Another way was through the very act of dying courageously for Christ. Each martyrdom was a re-enactment of the

crucifixion and through it God spoke to men. The word "martyr" means "blood witness," and the Christians made this definition a reality. Surely even the most hard-hearted pagan would pause when he saw the courage and apparent disregard with which these "fanatics" accepted the cruelest punishment and death. Thus Rome's very attempt to destroy the faith only served to spread it more rapidly, for each Christian they killed would be replaced by a hundred more converts, each willing to undergo the same fate.

Norway's Famed Bishop

But were Christian martyrs found only in the first century? Certainly not. The church has had them through the centuries. Likewise, in these modern times we have many examples of those who have faithfully undergone persecution. Their lives inspire many of this twentieth century to search for the abiding realities upon which life can be built.

Consider Norway's famed Bishop Eivind Berggrav. When the Nazis over-ran Norway in World War II they confined the heroic bishop to a concentration camp—a barbed wire fence surrounding an area of five-hundred square yards.

Berggrav was in this enclosure for three years. But did he waste his time? No, he translated the Bible into Norwegian; he did numerous household chores, chopping wood and cooking his own meals. Finally, he made plans for the day when Norway would finally be liberated.

Once a week he put on a pair of spectacles and a black beard, went past his guards, and motorcycled to the meeting place of the underground church. It was a stone's throw from the Gestapo headquarters. There, through a coded information system which covered the entire country, Berggrav directed the activities of the underground church.

The courageous Bishop was a symbol of free Christianity throughout the world. As Sweden's Bishop Aulen stated, "Berggrav's spirit has gone free through closed doors and has witnessed that God's words bear no chains."

One of the great moments after the war was the meeting of Eivind Berggrav and Martin Niemoeller at a committee meeting of the World Council of Churches in Geneva. Leaders in church resistance were now leaders in the effort to build a united Christian church. Bishop Berggrav took and takes an active part in the work of the churches in international affairs. To know and to hear him is to sense his close touch with and concern for the common man troubled by despair in a divided and chaotic world.

Another Who Defied the Nazis

Another modern witness who defied the Nazis is Bishop Hans Lilje, a former leader in Europe's Student Christian Movement. During the war he was singled out by the Germans as one of the "state's enemies." The Nazis herded him along with others out into the open when allied bombers roared overhead. "You must," they said, "welcome these

bombers." Lilje tells of the conflict of his emotions, between the violence which must be used, at least for a while, and his own fears and terror at the bursting of bombs, the leveling of a city, the watching of destruction, never knowing just which moment would be his last. However, today Hitler and his legions have passed off the scene but Lilje and his Christ acclaim the attention of men.

German Patriot

Another saintly modern hero is Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who left a place on the faculty of Union Theological Seminary, New York, to return to his native land, Germany. There he conducted an underground theological seminary to train ministers for the church so they would be ready when World War II was over. Many times only a door stood between him and his Nazi pursuers. His life was taken by his own countrymen just a week before the war ended. But churches in Germany today have pastors through his daring leadership.

He Was Imprisoned by the Chinese

Then there is Olin Stockwell, the Methodist missionary imprisoned by the Chinese communists and subjected to brain-washing that would have broken the spirit of most men. He returned to the homeland on his release just the mere shadow of his former self. Everywhere he has spoken, and in the books he has written he evidences the power of Christian manhood to withstand the threats of evil and merciless men.

Sidney Cave, in a little book, *The Christian Way*, points out that during the time of the great air raids in London, people suddenly displayed not only "the courage of ordinary men and women but also their faith that righteousness was a reality, and that forces so evil as those to which they were opposed would not be allowed in the end to triumph."

Today's Challenges

There are endless challenges to Christian discipleship in today's world. In meeting these challenges, the dangers may not be physical as in eras past. But men with courage, intelligence, and ready consecration to witness to the Christian way are needed now as much as ever.

We live in a world that is largely non-Christian in outlook and ideals. War rages, business has an overdose of self-interest, politics are corrupt, labor is full of graft, homes are broken, vice is rampant, brothers hate brothers, persons are confused morally, there is a timidity which keeps men from being different from the other fellow, and disappointments in fulfilling life's ideals are the expected!

Times like these demand men ready to devote themselves to the way of living as taught by Christ.

If a man would actually begin to experiment today with Jesus' way of

life, his activities might be described somewhat as follows: "He uses his strength or advantages not to exploit the weak but to lighten their burdens. He refuses to become rich in a poor world, preferring to share with others that they may have a chance. He gives up some of his rights, privileges, rank, security, or comfort, if they can be maintained only by oppression of those to whom such values are denied. He insists on meeting human need, as against exploiting programs of powerful interests. He puts man above the institutions, even when the institutions may make him suffer for so doing. . . . He experiments with the power of changing others which lies in suffering with them and for them rather than relying upon the method of making them suffer at his hands. He hazards his job, his money, or, if need be, his life for a great cause, such as freedom, truth or justice. He begins living like a son of God and encourages others to do likewise."

The most significant day in any man's life is when he rises up to follow Christ's way of life through self-denial, cross-bearing and service. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." (Matt. 16:24).



Daffynitions

MIDDLE AGE: When you go all out and end up all in.

—J. H. MARR

BORE: A person who knows the same stories you do.

—C. CLARK

BUDGET: An attempt to live below your yearnings.

—*In a Nutshell*

MARRIAGE LICENSE: A treaty pledging two powers to co-existence.

—N. WICAL

Courageous Years

By ALFRED K. ALLAN

THE lean, bearded face of Renoir was wrinkled by lines of worry and pain. It was the year 1911 and Renoir, the celebrated French painter, was passing through his most difficult years. He was crippled by arthritis which kept him in continuous pains and made it impossible for him to paint. As Renoir crept about his studio in Cagnes, a province in France, his eyes would fix on the empty canvases strewn about the room. He couldn't hold a paint brush in his hand or keep it steady as he moved it across the canvas. Will I ever be able to paint again? he asked himself.

When he was just thirteen Renoir was apprenticed to a porcelain manufacturer. In the factory, Renoir first learned how to paint when he was given the job of painting designs on the china dishes. He loved to paint and spent his every spare moment working on a canvas of his own.

In 1874, now a young man, Renoir enrolled at the art school of the French painter, Monet. Renoir studied long and with intense perseverance to perfect his painting style and ability. Soon Renoir's

paintings were famous throughout Europe and art-lovers were buying his work for high prices. His portrait of the beautiful Jeanne Samory, his lavish re-creation of a colorful Ball at the Moulin de la Galette, his delicately-fashioned portrait of Richard Wagner, the renowned composer—these are just a few of Renoir's masterpieces. He was especially noted for his skill in depicting facial expressions, flesh colors, and skin textures.

But then the painful arthritis struck his body and momentarily stilled the master's hand. He sat glumly about his studio and he thought deeply about what he could do to overcome his handicap. He must devise some way to steady the brush in his hand as he painted. For many hours Renoir mulled over ideas in his mind. Suddenly he smiled and murmured to himself, "That's it!" He rose from his chair and snapped up a brush. With a leather strap he tied the stick of the brush tightly to his hand so that it would remain steady. Then he stepped up to a canvas and began to work the brush up and down. His

paint palette rested on a small table next to him. To paint this way was difficult and uncomfortable but it worked. The brush no longer fell from his hands.

For eight years Renoir painted in this manner. The arthritic pains continued but Renoir's brush remained steady. The pain could be endured now that he was at the work he

loved. The Renoir paintings which were done during these eight courageous years have been sold for more than \$100,000 each. Renoir had refused to let his handicap stop him from continuing this significant life-work and the world is richer because of his courage.



Incident on a Farm

I watched the man who strode
Along the winding road—
The man whose back was straight,
Who walked with soldier's gait.

But as I watched, his pace
Grew slower, and his face
Assumed a graver look;
And now the steps he took

Were longer. Yes, I mean
As if someone unseen,
With long and gangling stride
Were walking by his side.

—GEORGE L. KRESS



Admiral John Ford
1957

Delightful story
of Academy-
Award-winning
director

What Makes John Ford Successful?

By GASPARD ST. ONGE

JOHN Ford belongs to an almost extinct breed—the free lancer. His is the independent mind, the free soul, the rugged individual who is ready to go ragged for a principle, but who certainly doesn't need to do so.

Ford has directed a hundred or more movies, most of them successful. He has won four Academy Awards and countless other honors. He has been feted by the high and

the haughty. But he is separate from them. And today he can say:

"I pick the kind of picture that interests me. If it interests me enough, I'll direct it for nothing. The money doesn't mean much anyway. The government takes it nearly all away."

Ford has a system for achieving success. First, he insists on selecting the story he will make into a movie. The story is more important than the



courtesy MGM

Aboard the USS Philippine Sea, aircraft carrier, John Ford and John Wayne discuss a scene from MGM's "The Wings of Eagles."

star in his opinion. Then he chooses his own cast. He even puts in his own dialogue and action when the script doesn't suit him.

This is unique. Other directors are not permitted these privileges. Why should he enjoy them? Because his work is so superior to that of other directors, no producer hesitates to grant his wish.

But there are other elements to his success. He has an uncanny sense of photography.

Ford has learned to catch with a camera, not only a scene or an action, but a mood. Through his lens his audiences see and feel the wild and vibrant beauty of the Rockies, the lush, brooding life of sombre

tropic jungles, the lash of angry seas and the tumult of battle. They see the savage and the sophisticate pulse with feeling and emotion.

Films which won him Oscars—"The Informer," "Grapes of Wrath," "How Green Was My Valley" and "The Quiet Man"—have all had this incomparable photographic touch.

It was there also in his "Four Sons," "Mother Machree," "Arrow-smith," "The Lost Patrol," "Stagecoach," "My Darling Clementine," and scores of his other films.

And it was there in a violent way when he was wounded by shrapnel in June, 1942, while filming the actual Battle of Midway, one of the fiercest naval engagements of World War II.

During the war Ford served as a Navy captain in the Pacific and European theaters of action. He photographed the Navy's part in the Doolittle raid on Tokyo and took part in the raids on Marcus Island. Today he holds the rank of Rear Admiral.

Action during the war was, of course, beyond his touch. But when making a picture he concentrates on action which is as nearly perfect as he can make it. This is the result of great effort and meticulous care.

SOME years ago when Ford was in Africa making "Mogambo," he not only explained the action before the shooting started, but acted out the parts for Clark Gable, Ava Gardner and others, then went through the dance steps he wanted the natives to perform. He often does this.

His dim view of scripts also was revealed in Africa. When a script girl informed him that Gable's rifle was not aimed at an elephant, as the typed instructions said it should be, Ford remarked with a sharp directness for which he is known:

"Young lady, let's remember one thing. We shoot pictures, not scripts."

This may be the result of his early work in westerns where scripts were not much more than rough continuity. Back in those days, he recalls, they shot about one picture a week. Everything was simple. Harry Carey and he did all their own writing, then changed it whenever they felt it was necessary.

But in addition to all this Ford has a novel way of handling stars. He thinks the highest quality an actor can have is sincerity. After picking an actor with that quality, Ford sticks with him. Among stars often found in his pictures are John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Ward Bond, and Victor MacLaglen.

Ford likes to reveal a new side or a new facet of an actor's talent. He did this in "Fort Apache" when he cast Henry Fonda in the role of an overbearing tyrant commanding a western outpost. It was a new character for Fonda. It was something his audience had never seen. The skill of actor and director made the picture a success.

It also illustrated another point that Ford makes. Stardom is the result of learning what to do and of doing it as exactly right as possible. And if some of Ford's remarks are trite, they also are true.

THE youngster who wants to break into the movies should start at the bottom," he says. "He should learn the business by doing a lot of hard work.

"Let me tell you what happened here a while back. A young man came up to me and asked for a job as a director. And he knew nothing about the business. Can you imagine such utter nonsense?"

Critics and other writers often like to dwell on Ford's flaring temper, his hassles with studio officials and high-flying stars. Ford takes such criticism in stride. But he has little use for critics with small minds.

He recalls the time he was taken to task because a woman in one of his pictures wore high heels, the claim being made that high heels had not been designed at the time depicted in the picture.

"I dug back in the records," says Ford, "and produced evidence that high heels were worn way back in the days of Queen Elizabeth I. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

And if there is fire in this man's temper, there is also a quiet and serene side to his nature. One of his stars, Ava Gardner, once said:

"He is truly a great man. In other films you have a feeling you are giving a mediocre performance. But with him you know instinctively you are doing your best and that probably it will turn out all right."

FORD revels in mental exercise. He enjoys challenge. He brooks no incompetency from the people with whom he works. When making

a picture, he releases excess energy by chewing on a cigar or biting the corner of a handkerchief.

For relaxation he turns to a good book. Among the authors he especially likes are P. G. Wodehouse, Clifford Dowdey, Douglas Southall Freeman and Gene Fowler.

Ford's first Academy Award winner, "The Informer," followed his association in 1935 with Merian C. Cooper. Cooper had been a flier during World War I.

When it ended he joined the Kosciusko Squadron in Poland to help the Poles fight the Russians.

He was shot down near Warsaw, taken to Riga, Latvia, and clapped into prison. But he broke out and walked all the way back to Germany and freedom. The association with Ford that followed was firm and fruitful.

Ford recently finished making "The Wings of Eagles" for MGM, a film biography of Frank (Spig)



courtesy MGM

John Wayne watches as Director John Ford splashes Maureen O'Hara, Ken Curtis, Chuck Roberson and Chuck Hayward for a scene photographed at Pensacola, Fla., for MGM's "The Wings of Eagles."

Wead, one of the pioneers of naval aviation.

To provide utmost authenticity, he took his whole company to Pensacola, Fla., where Wead had begun his naval career. He photographed numerous scenes on the streets of Pensacola and aboard the USS PHILIPPINE SEA.

Wead was the author of outstanding books and of a battle plan that helped turn the tide in the Pacific during World War II. John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara, who star in the picture, were among Wead's closest friends. Ford also was his good friend. Spig Wead died in John Ford's arms.

REGARDING movies with religious themes, he notes that they come in cycles.

"One studio produces a successful

picture of this type," he says, "and the other studios immediately try to do likewise."

Now what about television? Is there any bitterness in this man who has given nearly a lifetime to motion pictures?

"Television is a great help to us," Ford mused sagely. "Many of our actors, directors and technicians are working in TV."

But he still regards the motion picture as a great medium of entertainment, "without commercials every three minutes." He predicts the future will see even greater improvement in what the movie theaters have to offer.

Besides his Oscars, Ford has received three documentary awards from the Academy.

He also holds the Screen Directors Guild Award for his direction of "The Quiet Man," the D. W. Griffith Award for achievement in motion picture directing, the Award of Merit from the United Veterans of Indian Wars and the Chevalier Order of the Crown of Belgium.

When pressed to name his best pictures, Ford brushes aside his Academy Award winners and points to "Young Mr. Lincoln" and "The Sun Shines Bright," which, of course, were big hits.

His best pictures are not the most expensive ones. He made "The Informer" for \$346,000, which is modest as movies go. He made it despite studio protests that it was not box office material. And he proved their error.



"Beautiful! . . . I'd love to furnish in Modern American too!"



Benny found pesos
and the girl on the balcony
found herself

By NAOMI WATSON

Pesos from

BENITO was fourteen years old, thin, somewhat above average in height, and the most famous young beggar in Mexico City. He had only one leg but he was very agile on that leg—and his long crutch. He was educated, self-supporting, and proud.

Both Benito's parents were dead. His father lost his life in the same accident that had claimed Benito's leg. A few months later his mother died from a broken heart. Since Benito had no relatives, he was thrown out on the mercy of the pub-

lic and so he became a street beggar.

His leg created sympathy and Benito made out better than the other urchins. The American tourists (viajeros) were pushovers for a crippled child, and Benny soon developed an effective lurching gait whenever a likely prospect showed. He learned to extend his crutch out in a great arc which would terrify pedestrians; they were fearful of being struck themselves or of causing Benito to fall. Hence, they were forced to break their stride to consider the situation—which usually meant digging in their pockets to get money for Benny—centavos from the well-to-do Mexicanos who knew their purchasing power, and pesos

from the foolish tourists to whom eight cents paper money seemed a ridiculously small amount.

There were, to be sure, a few cynics who callously maintained that the begging of crippled children constituted a racket, that parents deliberately maimed infants to insure a higher income for themselves. You have, perhaps, heard the ugly rumor. The first time Benito listened to such sickening talk he thought his poor grasp of English had misled him. But he heard it again once or twice voiced loudly by those who

Heaven

jumped back from his crutch. On these occasions he felt like using his crutch as a club, but he mustered up enough strength to refrain. How dare they speak this evil of his sainted parents who only by dying had been mean to him!

But there were so many more of the other kind of *norteamericanos*. They tried to be friendly and understanding, like good neighbors visiting a friend and only just a little apologetic for possessing more of the worldly goods. There was the blond lady who stayed three months on *Avenida Independencia* and who during her stay chidingly put him on a small pension after he had twice tried to frighten her with his crutch.

"Not tonight, Hijito," she had ad-

monished him in good Spanish but with a funny gringo accent. "I gave to you last night and I will again from time to time but not all the nights. Agreed?" She spoke to him as to an equal. Benny's face not only burned now thinking back on it but even at the time he had felt acute embarrassment. Afterwards he always tapped sedately past her not brandishing his crutch at all. They always gave each other *buenas noches* and whenever she decided it was the right time for his *propina*, (tip) he formed the habit of asking if there wasn't some small service he could do for her in order to earn it. She never failed to have one errand for him to do, some simple but important chore.

THEN she went away—back home to Texas, no doubt.

Benito only acknowledged two sections of the United States and he didn't think she had a Brooklyn accent. Benny begged less and less and worked more and more. He was in the *colegio* (high school) now where the headmaster not only let him keep the school grounds clean for his board and pallet but even paid him a few *centavos* weekly for tutoring in everyday or street English. Benito was proud and happy and worked very hard. To be known as "the one-legged one" was not nearly so grand as to be acknowledged as Benito Juarez Garza y Garza (his mother's maiden name had been the same as his father's—that was a thing wasn't it?) and a likely prospect for the new Universidad.

On Independence Day Benito



had gone down to the Alameda to see the gallant parade. A boy had to have a little time off from work. In order to have his pennies for *tacos* and *helade* (ice cream) he had walked from the *colegio* and, being tired, was leaning against a store front in front of elegant Hotel del Prado. He was alone there. Everyone else crowded along the curb in order to see better and try to be a part of the show passing in the street. There were others more fortunate, or more lazy, with more money, leaning out of second-floor office and hotel windows overlooking the wide street and park. These privileged characters shouted and laughed and spoke a mixture of fine English and Castilian—few uneducated *indios* could afford such elegant box seats.

side Benito could see who was at the window directly over his head. He saw a young couple, the girl small and olive-skinned and pretty, although she was frowning now, the man big and blond and arrogant looking. They were speaking a mixture of Spanish and English, slightly more English since the girl had better command of English than he had of Spanish. Once, amazingly enough, Benito heard the American correct the girl's pronunciation of the Mexican village in which she had been born and she dutifully tried to say it as he instructed. Then, after some minutes of murmuring which Benny could not hear, he emphatically told her she would have to make up her mind about coming with him as he had a big deal brewing in Acapulco.

When she did not answer fast enough to suit him, he raised his voice. It often seemed to Benny that Americans believed Mexicans to be

BY leaning heavily on his crutch and tilting his head far to one
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deaf and that they had only repeatedly to shout an English word to make it universally understood. "Well, here, take this," he said. "Maybe this money will help you make up your mind." Benny could picture the American's hand going into his pocket with a flourish. "Take all my pesos. You can have all I've got, to do with whatever you want. You'll see how generous I am. This is just a start." Benito leaned perilously on his crutch and peered up. He had never seen so many pesos as were in those big hands.

"You mean that?" the girl asked, unsmiling. "Mine, to do anything I want?"

"Exactly that, baby. Here you are." Triumphantly he thrust the paper bills into her cupped hands. She smiled a small and secret smile at him, then leaning out the window, opened her hands and let the pesos drift down onto the interested and then surprised Benito.

There was a roar of rage and much futile scrambling about. "Why, you little devil, what do you think you're doing with my money?" For a moment Benito thought the man was going to strike her; she looked straight at him and the corner of her smile pulled down a little.

"You say the money is mine to use as I want. Okay, I want to give it to a poor crippled beggar." She was mistaken about his being a beggar now, but Benny was on her side anyway.

"Well, sure," the man snarled, "but I meant something pretty for yourself to wear that I could enjoy, too. I work too hard for my money to

let a little tramp throw it away!"

"Well, it is already done now. I doubt if even you would dare to snatch it back from a crippled child. Besides, you have lost much more than money," she said sadly. "So have I—my trust and faith and confidence in my judgment. That was a test, you know," she added with a certain arrogance of her own, "and you just failed it."

The furious tourist was still clenching his now empty fists and muttering curses at the girl. "I oughta take it out of your hide."

"I'm afraid you will not get the chance to now," she said and with dignity walked across the room and through the open door.

BENNY was busy gathering up all the bills and cramming them into his pockets, but he saw her when she came out of the street level arcade entrance. "Señorita," he called softly and hobbled toward her. She turned and smiled at him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "I have picked up your money for you, señorita."

For a moment hope flared nakedly in her eyes, then died. "No," she said, "it isn't mine. I cannot take money from the likes of him, no matter how badly I need it."

Benito was almost ready to burst with pride and wonder at the new position he found himself in. "To give," for a change, instead of "to take." The big blond American woman had first introduced him to pride and personal integrity and now this petite brunet *Mexicana*
(Continued on page 64)

A witness steps out and testifies for his faith regardless

Speaking Without Words

CHUCK, a GI from Georgia, was one of the most popular guys in the outfit. He carried his religion with him, although he seldom said much about it. Yet down deep the men knew he had convictions and that he respected the convictions and beliefs of those around him.

At first, there were chidings. Whenever he would walk up to a group of men and find someone telling a story, the storyteller would say, "Can't tell the rest of the story now. Chuck wouldn't like it." In spite of the remark, Chuck never appeared to notice and never retaliated. But the fellows simply came to know that Chuck was the kind of guy who didn't tell or listen to off-color stories.

Chuck always did his work well. He respected the other men. And the men respected Chuck more so as they came to know him. Gradually, a different climate emerged in his barracks. Whenever some fellow got into trouble, he would seek Chuck out to get counsel, advice and sometimes even prayers.

What do you think of Chuck as a Christian? Was he not strongly witnessing for Christ? It was for the most part a silent witness—but that is the best. Chuck was making witness for Christ in a military setting. So can you. What were the methods he employed as he witnessed?

Witness Through Character

First of all, it was a witness that came through purity of body, mind, and speech. Chuck tried to be honest and trustworthy. He had respect for other persons. He was reverent toward God, a good steward of his time, his money and his talents. Perhaps it could all be summed up in two words—Christian character.

Character is one of those things in life that must be worked for. Some things in life come to us without very much effort. We can do much to keep our good health, but a robust body is largely a gift. It's impossible to grow good looks, artistic attitudes and keen judgments. These things may all be developed, but they are gifts that come without effort.

Not so, however, with character. Potentially, we are all great characters, but in reality we are only candidates for character. And character is not grown overnight. Character comes only as a result of long and patient development. It is the result of our making thousands of choices. It silently reveals how we have stood up under endless testing.

A man is responsible for his character. In this life-long process we can and should enlist the help of God. In the last analysis, however, the character that a man has must be accredited to him. He wills that it be what it is. The theory of behaviorism which makes man a machine, a victim of circumstances, with no control over his morals, is absolutely false.

Further, the process of character development works from within. It cannot be controlled or guided by laws or regulations; it is not in the last analysis legalistic. It not only grows from within, but it also begins to decay from within. Neither growth nor decay is apparent at once to the observer.

Proper influences must be thrown about any life to make it grow into a Christian character. Nourishment is necessary. The soil for character growth is in the everyday experiences that engage us. The necessity of pruning those things that sap strength from our lives is ever upon us.

Results of Character Achievement

If we develop good characters, the returns to us are immeasurable. What are these returns?

Self-respect. A line in Longfellow's, "The Village Blacksmith," says, "He looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man." Is it not a challenge to us to so live that we can face the world?

Ability to help others. "Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own." The GI with purposeful goals soon finds he is thrust into places of opportunity to invest service to his God and his fellow men. It is part of God's plan for the expansion of his kingdom.

Spiritual assets that continue of value. A Christian character is an asset for this life and the next. Is it not the greatest of assets, the greatest return in life? The personal respect of others is greater than all the money or honors we could ever gain.

To have Christian character, a man must deliberately and conscientiously hew to the line. He must be positive in his efforts to be straightforward in the normal experiences of everyday life. The greatest dynamic for right living comes when an individual accepts Jesus Christ as Savior. In this experience he receives a new nature. This new nature is the Christian's real dynamic toward the practices of right thought, speech, and action. From that time on the unconscious walk of the Christian bears fruit in the minds and hearts of all who witness it.

Sometimes the most powerful effects are produced without the witness being conscious of the consequences. But, we also believe in consciously walking in the paths of

right, charting a course that will lead others to seek the Savior by whose power we are able to witness. At almost every turn of the road, even between the turns, the Christian has the opportunity to resist the popular, to refuse to conform to what the majority urges, to stand courteously, but firmly for what he knows his Lord would approve.

The whirl of military life. You no doubt are caught up in the whirl of military life. You can't escape it. But you must not let it drown out the voice of God. Nor need you set out on a campaign to correct abuses which you see. It perhaps is better to live quietly a good Christian life among your fellows. Be courteous in refusing to sanction or to indulge in conduct which conflicts with Christian principles.

It can be done. Hear, for instance, the statement of T/Sgt. Lowell M. Jeske of North Dakota, who writes from Europe: "I am being held up in my education but the glorious chances I've had to witness for my faith among some of my comrades is worth this setback in getting my education. These chances have also made clear in my mind and soul what God wants me to be—a missionary."

Pfc. Fred G. Schaefer of Brooklyn, New York, recently in Japan, says:

"We have a splendid Bible study class each Sunday morning at ten o'clock and I have been fortunate enough to have been asked to conduct the class several times. I also use my God-given talent of singing to render solos at the worship services, using my talent to the honor and glory of God. I feel and know the power of prayer and we men in the service pray for you at home even as you pray for us."

One of the best places for the practicing of faith is in the family circle, with the ones who know you best. Here faith flowers in consideration, in understanding, in courtesy, in appreciation, in devotion. Sometimes one says that he is not sure whether he is a Christian or not. The blunt answer is, "Ask the folks who have to put up with you." It is still true that the light shines farthest that is brightest at home.

A witness requires constant discipline. The resources for continuous Christian witness are prayer, public worship, Bible study, and the fellowship of like-minded persons. These have been the resources which have undergirded men from Socrates, to Abraham Lincoln, to Dwight D. Eisenhower and millions of others.

They are available to you, too; but they must be used.



On the Safe Side

Forced to be a witness against a friend charged with larceny yet unwilling to call his friend a thief, Old Mose said:

"I wouldn't say he's an out-an-out thief, but if I wuz a chicken an' I saw him loafin' around, I'd sure roost high."



courtesy Missing Seamen's Bureau

Australia or Timbaktu—
she always
gets her man!

Shirley Wessel discusses with a
mariner the case of a missing
buddy

Port of Missing Men

By HAROLD HELFER

MEET just about the most unusual private eye in the world.

This one, although solving hundreds of cases, has never taken a cent from clients.

This private eye probably has located more missing individuals than anyone in the sleuthing profession—but this one will not make known the whereabouts of a man, even though many months may have been involved in locating him, without the man's consent.

This private eye flatly refuses to cooperate with the police—but,

nevertheless, is highly regarded by them.

And perhaps, most unusual of all, this private eye is a woman, a blonde-haired one and very trim and handsome.

Her name is Shirley Wessel (she's a Mrs.) and she heads the Missing Seamen's Bureau.

She specializes in, in fact, works exclusively at—finding lost seamen.

Take the case of "Robert X," the eleven thousandth missing seaman recently found by the Bureau in its forty years of existence. What is so

unusual about this case is that it isn't unusual at all. But after a five year search, Mrs. Wessel was able to run Robert X down in Melbourne, Australia, and notify him that his sister and her family, whom he'd last seen in Latvia, Russia, twenty years before, were now in Rochester, New York.

It is by no means extraordinary for a case to take this long. The seven seas is a mighty big place and its hundreds of ports along the way have many turnings. There is no telling which nook and cranny of the seven seas a missing person might be plying now or into which of the ports he may have disappeared. As long as there is no reason to believe that a man is dead, his case is considered open and efforts are continued to locate him. Mrs. Wessel is still working on some cases which she inherited when she took charge of the Bureau fourteen years ago.

At present, this nice-looking blonde-haired woman is seeking one thousand missing seamen. Every year some 275 or more missing mariners are located by Mrs. Wessel but scarcely a day goes by that she isn't given some new case.

She will accept any case from anyone involving a missing seaman and there is no charge—provided the person seeking the information is not with a bill collection agency or the police. The police understand. In finding these missing men, Mrs. Wessel is dependent to a large extent on their seagoing friends and buddies. If these acquaintances thought that the information on the whereabouts of some friend was being sought for

the garnisheeing of wages or for clamping a man in jail they'd probably be reluctant to come forward with any news. Therefore, Mrs. Wessel determinedly steers a course avoiding any entangling alliances with bill collectors or lawmen. And she'd probably have been able to make a small fortune if she'd been willing to cooperate with them.

Mrs. Wessel gets paid, of course, for her work. The Missing Seamen's Bureau, located at 25 South Street, New York City, is a part of the Seaman's Church Institute and is supported by it. The Institute, dedicated to the welfare of merchant seamen, keeps in operation by the small amount of money it derives in providing lodgings and meals for seamen and by the contributions made by ex-seamen and others who feel a deep affinity for the sea.

Anyway, it is almost certain that no sleuth, private or public, has as many missing persons with which to contend or as wide an area to cover as Mrs. Wessel. Once Mrs. Wessel forwarded a letter fifty thousand miles, twice around the globe, before reaching a seaman with the news that he had inherited a small fortune. Sometimes, of course, the men she is seeking have become landlocked and are no longer following the sea. One missing seaman she was searching for had become a professor at a university. Another had declared himself king of a South Sea atoll.

Of course, as you can guess, some of these seamen deliberately choose to disappear from view. And, quite often, Mrs. Wessel finds herself playing the role of a domestic relations

counselor as well as a sleuth. But one thing she never does is reveal the whereabouts of any individual if he himself finally decides he wants to remain missing.

The Bureau came into being during World War I, when shipping losses to German U-boats caused families unusual concern when their seafaring kin did not contact home regularly. Being the largest shore center in the world for merchant seamen, the Seamen's Church Institute in New York became the place to which a large number of appeals for information came. The person placed in charge of endeavoring to locate these men—Mrs. Wessel's predecessor—was also a woman, Janet Lord Roper, and her office became known as "The Port of Missing Men," a designation the office still holds.

Of necessity, the Bureau has to maintain something else with a rather melodramatic nomenclature—"The Futile File." To avoid unnecessary search by anyone, a comprehensive record is kept of seamen who are known to be dead or lost at sea.

But as long as there is no concrete indication that a missing seaman is dead the Bureau never closes the case. Take the case of this Robert X, the eleven thousandth missing man that the Bureau found. Four years of trying to locate him had led to one blind alley after another. He always seemed to dip beyond the horizon just out of the Bureau's grasp. Finally, a call came from an acquaintance who had shipped with Robert a year before on a vessel docked on the West Coast. Robert and his friend had decided to take a

plane for New York to land a berth on a plane there but Robert, in an extremely exuberant mood and condition, decided to stop over in Chicago and give the Windy City a whirl. That was the last the buddy had seen of Robert X.

Armed with this information, Mrs. Wessel contacted various marine agencies in Chicago, including hospitals, and finally picked up his trail. It led to Galveston. From there it went on to New Orleans, where Mrs. Wessel eventually scored a direct bull's-eye. She learned that the man had shipped out on a United States Line vessel headed for Australia. Mrs. Wessel airtailed a letter so that it would be waiting for him when he arrived at the down-under continent. That was how he was finally located and came to know that the sister whom he hadn't seen in two decades was back in the states waiting for him.

And that's how it goes. Even when all leads pertaining to a missing seaman seemingly are dried up, Mrs. Wessel, the one-woman detective bureau, doesn't give up. His name is put on a list of missing seamen, which is published every three months, and this list is distributed all over the world where seamen gather—on ships, hiring halls, seamen recreation centers, even in embassies and consulates. So, Mrs. Wessel never knows but what she'll receive a communication from Hong Kong or Timbuktu or maybe Tahiti, furnishing her a lead about the whereabouts of somebody from Hoboken, New Jersey, or Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(Continued on page 46)



John Wycliffe

The Morning Star

By DOUGLAS HUNT

**He defied the Church of Rome to
bring the people the Word of Christ**

HE shattered idols and gave the people the Word of God; yet how little we know of the day-to-day life of John Wycliffe, who made so great an impact on the life of his times.

We do not know exactly when he was born—it must have been about 1330—or anything reliable about his parents or early life. What we do know is that though there had been those before him who had criticized the evils of the Church of Rome, he

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was the first in England openly to defy it.

A scholar, who achieved infinitely more than many a man of action, he spent most of his adult life at Oxford. Even his enemies recognized the brilliance of his mind and the correctness of his actions. The worst crime they could accuse him of was intellectual pride. We can be thankful that he was proud, for Wycliffe's pride meant that he insisted on reading and interpreting the Word of

God for himself, and demanded the same right for the humblest citizen. It was a right he had to fight for against the embattled might of Rome.

What were the views which earned him the name of "Gospel Doctor" even during his lifetime?

To us they sound elementary, but in his day they were altogether revolutionary and opposed to the whole teachings of a Church which called itself Christian, but forbade to the people access to the words of Christ.

To an astonished world he proclaimed that the merits of the Savior, Jesus Christ, were sufficient to deliver souls from death, and that the Word of God alone was able to teach men the way to salvation.

It is not surprising that Wycliffe found the whole power of the Church of Rome arrayed against him, for that Church felt that the Scriptures should not be accessible to the people.

Had Wycliffe lived a quarter of a century later he would certainly have been burnt before he could sow the seeds of reformation, which were eventually to bear so abundant a harvest. By the grace of God he lived at a time when both people and princes were surfeited with the arrogance of the papacy. Less than twenty years after Wycliffe's death, in 1384, that vile statute was passed which provided for the burning alive of "heretics"! The heretics were those who dared to read and interpret the Bible for themselves or put their hands trustingly into the hand of God without benefit of priest or prelate.

As it was, Wycliffe had more than

one powerful supporter. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of King Edward III, more than once stood by Wycliffe's side, and the king himself made him a royal chaplain.

This support was perhaps not entirely unselfish. Edward was disgusted at the heavy taxes which the pope took from England and at his claims to appoint the higher clergy. These protégés of the pontiff were often foreigners, and frequently never came near the sees to which they were appointed. It was therefore natural that Wycliffe's views were welcomed. He said that the Bible gave no warrant for these papal exactions, and moreover that it was the duty of the temporal lord, that is, the king, to take away from evil-living or absentee priests whatever offices they held.

The reformer had the support not only of the court, but also of the whole nation when he inveighed against the worldliness and luxury of many of the clergy, and particularly the higher ranks. But he went a great deal further, and foreshadowed the reforms which Luther made over a century later.

Like the great Luther, Wycliffe was opposed to the sale of indulgences, but his main line of attack was directed against the very rock on which the Church of Rome was founded—the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The theory that the priest by the act of consecration converted the bread and wine into the actual body of Our Lord was one on which rested the whole power and authority of

the priesthood, and thus of the Church. Take that away and priest, cardinal, and pope became just ordinary, sinful men.

To Wycliffe, as to the later Reformers, this theory was not only absurd, but blasphemous. He demonstrated that the whole fantastic doctrine not only had no authority in Scripture, but was a modern invention. It first became Catholic dogma under Innocent III, who occupied the papal chair from 1198 to 1216, and whose aim it was to make even kings and emperors his vassals.

For Wycliffe the Lord's Supper was what the Master made it, an act of remembrance, and infinitely precious quickening of the spirit of those who truly received it as such. Nowhere in Scripture could he find the slightest warrant for regarding it as a miracle of priest-craft, and for Wycliffe the Holy Scripture was the only warrant for Christian belief.

But to the people the precious boon of the Scripture was denied. It was Wycliffe's incomparable service to the people of England and to all who later spoke the tongue of England that he restored to them that great light of which they had so long been deprived.

It may be that Wycliffe did not do much of the actual translation himself, but his was the inspiration and the guiding hand. The great work has ever been known as Wycliffe's Bible and without him it is extremely improbable that it would ever have been made. It may even be doubted whether the Reformation would have taken hold in England as soon as it did and so comparatively

swiftly, had not the minds of Englishmen been prepared by the priceless boon which he brought them.

Needless to say Wycliffe did not escape attack. In 1377 he was summoned by William Courtenay, Bishop of London, to appear before the bishops at St. Paul's to answer for his denunciations of ecclesiastical worldlings, which had been made in Courtenay's own diocese.

Wycliffe obeyed the summons. Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, Courtenay himself, and other bishops, dukes and barons sat in state in the Lady Mary's chapel, awaiting the arrival of the man they intended to crush.

Suddenly shouts from outside and a convulsive movement near the door told them that the Reformer was arriving. But the figure which now forced its way through the crowd and strode up to them was not the mild scholar, but the Lord Percy, Lord Marshal of England, closely followed by Wycliffe, behind them a band of nobles, among whom was conspicuous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, now the most powerful figure in the kingdom.

Hands on hips, legs astride, the Earl confronted the accusers. The might of England facing the representatives of Rome. Beside him stood Wycliffe—but not for long. Almost brusquely the Earl bade him sit down, while Lancaster moved up to stand on his other side. Behind them were the four doctors of divinity whom the Duke had called upon to defend the Reformer.

Seething with anger Courtenay

haughtily commanded Wycliffe to stand, saying that it was not fitting for him to sit.

Wycliffe, modest in demeanor, if proud in spirit, would have risen, but Lancaster laid his hand upon his shoulder, while the Marshal met anger with anger. The "trial" developed into a brawl. Of the many heated words which filled the air that day the only ones which have been recorded were the Earl's threat to drag the Bishop from the court by the hair of his head!

It became impossible to proceed. The Londoners, who seldom sided with the Royal House, ran amok, attacked Lord Percy's house, and he, together with the Duke and Wycliffe, had to escape to the palace at Kingston, where the young Prince, soon to be Richard II, was residing. At least, however, the underlings of the Pope had been openly flouted by the

highest in the land, as, alas! they were not again to be for nearly two centuries.

The behavior of the Londoners was partly due to the fact that the Pope had incited them to lay hands on the goods of the rich Florentine merchants, he being at war with that city. For a while he enjoyed an unwonted popularity among the more disreputable citizens of the capital.

Courtenay and Sudbury had shot their bolt. More fulminations against Wycliffe continued to pour in from the Papal See, but they were largely ineffective. On the last day of 1384 the Reformer died quietly in his bed at his rectory of Lutterworth. It was not till 1428 that his bones were dug up and burned to satisfy papal spite.

The light which Wycliffe lit was never completely quenched, and later years owe as much to him as to the many whose lives—and deaths—were more spectacular. If he died in his bed rather than in the flames of martyrdom, he was none the less the Morning Star of the Reformation.

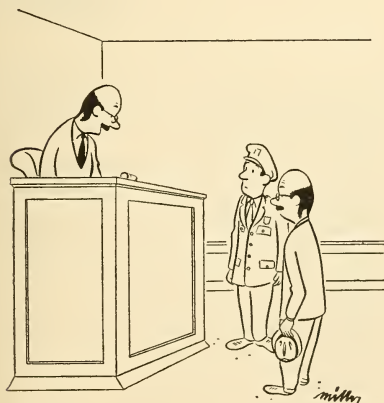


Heads, Tails, Or—

The three football scholarship men found time lying heavily on their hands. "What'll we do tonight?" asked one.

There followed some heavy celebration. Finally, the All-American tackle said: "I've got an idea. Let's toss a coin. If it's heads, we'll crash the fresh-soph dance. If it's tails, we'll go to the movies. And if it stands on edge, we'll study."

Scholastic Coach



"It's difficult to believe, officer, that a crime could be committed by such a fine looking man."

JOHNNY DUNDEEN saw her come into the depot a little before eleven P.M. She was one of a swarm of passengers off an upstate bus, breathless and expectant, wearing a light coat, a dark dress, and carrying a small suitcase. Paper, that suitcase, trying hard to look like good brown leather. She walked up and down the big and noisy room, searching for someone. Then she went to stand near the street doors, the suitcase at her feet.

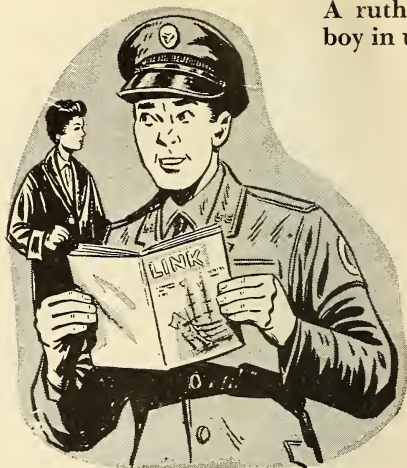
Eighteen, Dundeen told himself, and not bad.

She watched the clock and those who came in out of the rain-soaked night. She looked at him just once. Not interested. She was a girl with a problem, no time for a lanky soldier. Dundeen divided his attention between his magazine and the girl, sure at first she was within a year of his own age. He saw her look of expectancy give way to deep concern. He saw her stiffen and stare into space when the uniformed cop, enormous in his shining slicker, came in to make his hourly tour of the bus depot.

Dundeen had a long look at her face then—good bone, dark eyes, short nose, too-red mouth—and revised his estimate. Sixteen, he told himself, and scared stiff.

Dundeen watched the girl, wondering about her as he wondered about the others in the thinly populated waiting room—the fat man who slept with his mouth open, the porter who patiently erased the wet footprints from the tile floor. The girl waited until the cop was gone, then found a seat on a corner bench, away

A ruthless
boy in uni



Young a

By JOHN and

from the main aisles. She was still there, three hours later, her hands restless in her lap.

The porter pushed his mop toward Dundeen's bench. He was a little man with merry eyes. Dundeen had watched him help an old man aboard a bus, help an exhausted woman soothe a whimpering child.

"Sonny," the porter said, "you're goin' to be a big piece of man when you fill out to match your feet."

Dundeen grinned. "Thanks, uncle."

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n, a terrified young girl—and a
who couldn't stand by and watch

"No stripes," the porter said. "You must be fresh out of basic. You goin' to camp, or comin'?"

"Going," Dundeen said. "About five A.M."

The porter wished him luck and went away. The loudspeaker cleared its metal throat and said a bus was leaving for West Mills, Glenhaven and points south. The fat man wakened and trotted toward the gate, his eyes still glazed with sleep. The

d Scared

RD HAWKINS

slickered cop made another tour of the waiting room. He had a frowning look for the girl before he went back into the night.

Questions coming, next time around, Dundeen told her silently. You better have some answers ready.

The stocky man came in from the street then, hurriedly, as if blown in by a sudden gust of wind. He had a heavy jaw, pale eyes, the look of a onetime halfback now concerned with more important things. He wore a camel's-hair topcoat, bench-made shoes, a soft tan hat—fine clothes, but out of place in a bus station in

the tired small hours of a Monday morning. Slumming, Dundeen decided. Then he saw the girl wince and turn away. She reached for the handle of her bag, changed her mind—too late, no place to hide.

"There you are," the man said.

His voice was raw and loud—so loud the porter stopped his work and turned to watch. The man went swiftly across the waiting room to stand before the girl.

"So help me!" he said. "I ought to belt you one!"

The girl looked up at him. She swallowed, but did not speak. The man's hand shot out and closed upon her arm.

"You're goin' back," he said. "Come on! Get up!"

"Please, Mr. Lewis," she said. "Please no, no."

He tried to pull her to her feet, but the girl's hands were locked on the wooden arm of the bench. The man named Lewis swore and bent to pry her fingers loose. She fought him silently until a back-handed slap across the face rocked her head and put an end to that. Lewis hauled her to her feet and shook her savagely. The porter watched, open-mouthed. He took one uncertain step and stopped. Johnny Dundeen did more. He went down the aisle and put a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Hey!" he said. "No more of that!"

Lewis spun, the tails of his coat flaring. He had a look at Dundeen—tall and brown, big-boned, but thin with growing. He didn't like what he saw. He let go of the girl and threw a fist at Dundeen's jaw. Dundeen's feet tangled and he landed on the

seat of his pants, bells ringing in his head.

"Get up!" Lewis said harshly. "I'll give you more!"

Johnny Dundeen got to his feet, carefully. He was thin, but he'd been running obstacle courses while this one had been letting his belly grow. He waited, and Lewis came to him, hands up and swinging. Dundeen brushed a blow aside and put a fist into that belly, just above the belt. The wind and the steam went out of Lewis. He took two backward steps and fell heavily on the bench. And he stayed there, mouth open, eyes bulging, fighting for breath.

"So don't be hitting people," Dundeen said.

The porter was beside him then, eyes wide with wonder. "Whooee!" he said. "Sonny, you sure fixed him!"

Dundeen watched Lewis writhe, taking no pleasure in the sight. He turned to look for the girl.

"Gone," the porter said. "She run like a rabbit."

Lewis still gasped for breath. He lifted his head and looked at Dundeen. His eyes held pain and the purest hate.

The porter said, "He's sure hurtin'."

"He'll be all right soon," Dundeen said.

"Then what?" the porter said.

"A good question," Dundeen said. Lewis was bending over again, holding his stomach. Dundeen spoke to him. "I'm going after the girl. I'll bring her back and we'll find out what this is all about."

He ran for the exit. A light, chill rain still fell. There were only a few

people on the walks, only a few cars in the street. Dundeen turned left. Downhill, he thought. A girl running away would run downhill and turn corners. He turned left at the first corner, following the downward slope. He turned right at the next corner and saw her, a block away, hurrying along close to the buildings. This street looked empty. He whistled at her. She looked back and then began to run again, awkward in her high heels, her suitcase thumping against her leg. Dundeen lengthened his stride and overtook her before she reached the next intersection.

"Hey!" he said. "Just a cotton-pickin' minute."

She did not stop until he took her arm with one hand, took her bag away from her with the other. "Let me go!" she said then. "Please!" Her face was white, the street lights showed the glistening paths of tears. "I didn't do anything."

"Nobody's saying you did."

Dundeen spoke gently. He held her gently, looking into her face. The soft line of her trembling mouth, the soft curve of her cheek bothered him. Sixteen, he decided. A young sixteen. Dundeen was nineteen, but he had been up the road and down the road, and knew what made the world go round. This girl was a child. A child in high heels, wearing too much lipstick.

"You're going back to the depot with me," he said. "We've got trouble back there, and you don't run away from trouble."

"I don't want to go back!" she said.

Dundeen set her bag down. He

pushed his cap back and leaned against the building. "You have to," he said. "But there's no screaming rush. How old are you, sis?"

"Almost eighteen."

He grinned. "Fibber. Your tongue'll turn black."

Defiantly, she said, "I'm seventeen."

"Sixteen's closer." His smile did pleasant things to his brown face. "You're too young to be loose in town this time of night. It's against the law."

"Are you a soldier or a policeman?"

"With a chick like you," he said, "a guy's got to be a little of both." He put a firm hand under her chin and began to wipe the lipstick from her mouth with his handkerchief. "Who's the guy who slapped you? He isn't your father, is he?"

"My parents are dead," she said.

"Uncle, then? Guardian?" He finished wiping her mouth and looked at the result. "Better," he said. "You don't need all that gluck." He put the handkerchief away. "Well?"

"What makes you think he's anything to me?"

"Honey child!" Dundeen said, "there's this young girl sitting in a bus station late at night, nowhere to go. She freezes solid every time a cop looks at her. Y'know what she is? She's a runaway. Can't be anything else." Dundeen put a gentle hand under her chin, lifting her face to the light. "One pal to another, what's the pitch?"

TIREDLY, she said, "A foster home. I've lived with him and

his wife since I was thirteen."

"Then he's your legal guardian," Dundeen said. He thought about that for a moment. "He's got all the muscle on his side—the court, the police. If you've got reasons for wanting out, you'll have to take them up with the authorities." He saw the look of distress on her face.

"Please don't make me go back."

"Look," he said. "What's your name?"

"Mary. Mary Lasher."

"Fine," he said. "I haven't met a Mary in a long time." He picked up her bag. "I'm Johnny Dundeen, private in the rear rank." He smiled at her.

The stocky Lewis was nowhere in sight when they returned to the bus depot. The porter was there, still swishing his mop over the tile floor. He greeted them soberly, a look of concern on his thin face. He was a sympathetic man.

Dundeen said, "Where'd our friend Lewis go?"

"He took off, soon's he was able," the porter said. "Five, six minutes ago. And he ain't no friend. He's a real mad guy."

"Maybe he went after a cop," Dundeen said.

The porter said, "It's likely."

"I'll wait for him," Mary said. "This isn't your worry. You've got things to do. You don't have to stay. I'll just—"

Dundeen smiled at her. "I keep telling you," he said. "You can't run from trouble." He turned to the porter. "We'll be in the coffee shop. When Mr. Lewis comes back, send him in."

DUNDEEN seated Mary in a corner booth and sat down opposite. He ordered chocolate for her, black coffee for himself.

"Did you expect someone to meet you?" he asked.

"My girl friend. I wrote and told her I was coming."

"Did you get an answer?"

"No," she said. "There wasn't time."

"This friend—what's her name?"

"Jill Johnson. We went to school together where—where I lived. We've been writing to each other ever since her folks moved down here. She's asked me to stay with her lots of times. She said she'd help me get a job."

He watched her drink her chocolate while the moments ran away. Write a letter and get on a bus—not real sharp thinking, but who can think clearly with trouble on his back?

"Does Jill have a phone?"

"I don't know," Mary said. "She lives on Picket Road. It's not right in the city; it's out in the suburbs."

"It begins to look like Mr. Lewis isn't coming back," Dundeen said. "You can't sit here all night. If you'll give me Jill's address, I'll see if they're in the book."

"Four eleven Picket Road—I know it by heart."

Dundeen left the coffee shop for the waiting room and the bank of phone booths there. The directory listed page after page of Johnsons, but none on Picket Road. Dundeen closed the book and turned to find the little porter at his elbow.

"What goes?" the porter said.

"I'm trying to locate a friend of hers."

"You better bail out, sonny," the porter said. "A kid her age and a soldier—if that guy wants to make trouble, it ain't goin' to look good. There's nobody on the Travelers Aid Desk this late, but I can call 'em. They'll send somebody."

"Uncle," Dundeen said, "you worry too much."

He went back to the coffee shop. "No luck," he said. He looked at Mary thoughtfully for a moment. "You're sure of this girl? She's a good kid and her family's all right?"

"Jill's real nice," Mary said quickly. "So are her mother and father. He helps build bridges and things."

"We can look them up," Dundeen said. "We can tell them what happened and ask them to take you in. But only for tonight, understand? Tomorrow you report to the authorities."

"If you say I have to," Mary said.

THE cab driver was a man of forty-five. A redhead with a tough face and a belligerent disposition. He looked at Mary's young face, he looked at Dundeen's uniform and he looked at his watch. He didn't like any part of it.

"You two related?" he asked.

"Nope," Dundeen said. "I picked her up in the bus station."

The cab driver's chin jutted. "Oh, you did, eh? Well—"

Dundeen grinned at Mary. "Y'see? You've got a lot of people on your side." To the cab driver he said, "She's got friends where we want to go. A good family who'll take her



in for the night. Me, I'll come back with you."

The cab driver had a long look at Dundeen. "O.K.," he said finally. "You want an apology?"

"Just a ride," Dundeen said.

"That's way out on the edge of town, soldier. Six bucks each way."

"No strain," Dundeen said. "And the name's John Dundeen."

"Red Murphy, here," the driver said. "The girl?"

"Mary Lasher."

The driver was looking at them in the rear-view mirror. "I'll make a note of it," he said. He took them swiftly along the near-empty streets, thinking, scowling.

"Mary," Dundeen said, "where does Mr. Lewis live?"

"In Scottsburg."

"A hundred miles east. Think he went back there?"

"His sister lives here. He's probably at her house."

"Um-m-m," Dundeen said. "I'm trying to figure out why he left the depot, why he didn't call the cops. We were gone for a while. It would look to most people like you'd come to meet me, and we'd run off together. That's a deal for the cops."

"Cops!" the driver said. "Say, what is this?"

Dundeen told him. "We went back to the bus station and waited there for half an hour. No sign of him. No sign of the police. Seemed to me that was long enough. So then it was time to find Mary a place to stay."

"You're the guy who should've called the cops. You've got a juvenile

here, a runaway. That spells trouble with a capital T for any man, a soldier first of all."

"What's trouble about helping a girl?" Dundeen asked. "Tomorrow we'll take it up with the people in charge. They'll decide whether she has to go back or not, and she'll do what they tell her to do. Tomorrow, the police. Tonight, she's with friends—you, me, the people we're on our way to see. If you had a daughter, wouldn't you want that for her?"

The driver rubbed his face. "I've got a daughter."

"Mary," Dundeen said, "this foster home—this Lewis family? What happened there? You don't look like you've been overworked, or starved, or beaten. You're wearing good clothes."

The girl didn't answer at once. Her head was bent, her face shadowed: she pleated a fold in the cloth of her coat with shaking fingers. Then she lifted her face and turned it away.

"It was like—like being a prisoner," she said.

"They lock you up?" the driver said.

"No," she said. "But they stopped liking me, and they wouldn't let me go anywhere."

"Like where, for instance?"

"Where any normal person would want to go!" The girl's voice was stronger, almost defiant. "Where other kids went. I couldn't go to any of the high-school games or any of the dances. I couldn't have a date. If I was one minute late getting home from school, he bawled me out. Then I had to say who I was with and

what I'd talked about. I couldn't even go to church!"

"Kids!" the driver said wearily. "That's all they think about—going someplace."

"Your daughter too?" Dundeen asked.

"Her too."

"There's a difference," Dundeen said. "Your daughter goes, doesn't she? And you take her about half the time?"

"She goes," the driver said, "or I lose my head."

To Mary, Dundeen said, "Were you a bad kid?"

Mary made fists of her hands. "No! I've never done a bad thing in my life! And they know it. They didn't have any reason to turn against me and start treating me like a prisoner."

"They didn't always?"

"No," she said. "As long as I did my chores, they were fine. They let me work in the berry fields last summer. I earned enough to buy all my school clothes."

"Any idea why they changed?"

"No," Mary said. "Maybe they needed me before—needed what the state pays for my board, needed me to work. Then, when Mr. Lewis started making money, they decided I was a nuisance, or something."

"What's Mr. Lewis do?"

"He owns a print shop. He prints announcements and business cards and things like that."

The cab driver said, "Here's your address."

The house was big and old, set well back from the road in a grove of trees. There was no glass in the front windows. The front door swung

with the push of the morning wind.
"Nobody home," Dundeen said.
"They've moved."

The driver said, "So now what?"

"Back to town," Dundeen said.

"I mean after we get back."

Frightened, Mary turned to Dundeen. "You won't take me to the police! Please! I'll go tomorrow, when it's time! I promise! I—I just can't do it now!"

THE cab driver had turned the cab; they were going back. He said, "You know what time it is? It's almost four o'clock."

"Where I come from," Dundeen said, "four is only an hour from breakfast." He took one of Mary's hands, opened the fingers and laced her fingers in his. "Nobody's going to leave you," he said. "We can live in the bus depot for a few hours."

The cab driver shoved his cap back and rubbed his face. "Y'know what you got then, Johnny? You've got an all-night deal. You and Mary. How're you going to explain that?"

"What's to explain?"

The driver swore helplessly under his breath.

Mary said, "Where do you come from, Johnny?"

"A cattle ranch, east of the mountains," Dundeen said. Then, to keep her mind busy, he told her about it. He and his father and mother were partners, he said, in the Dundeen Cattle Corporation. Twenty-five hundred acres under fence, more than half irrigated, fifteen hundred head of cattle. A modern spread, the cowboys rode in jeeps.

"I always wanted to ride in a

jeep," Mary whispered to Dundeen.

She was asleep when they reached the bus depot, her head against Dundeen's chest, her hair brushing his chin. The cab driver looked at them and shook his head in despair.

"Beggin' for trouble," he said.

Dundeen grinned at him. "You want to give her to the cops?" he asked softly.

"Take her inside," the cab driver said. "Keep her warm, let her sleep. I know the beat cop; I'll talk to him. Around nine or nine-thirty, I'll take you to Judge Elliot. She's a lady judge, she handles the kids."

"Judge Elliot," Dundeen said. He awakened the girl. Then, standing on the sidewalk, his arm around her, he grinned at the driver again. "Now who's beggin' for trouble?"

"Yours truly," the driver said tiredly.

Dundeen took the girl into the depot. The porter was sitting on a bench in the corner, dozing over his mop handle. The mop clattered on the floor when he saw Dundeen and the girl.

"You've still got her!" he said. "Jehoshaphat!"

"I decided to keep her," Dundeen said. "Put a frame around her, hang her on the wall and she'll make a dandy souvenir."

He told the porter what they were going to do. Then they found a bench where the girl could lie down, contrived a pillow and covered her with Dundeen's uniform jacket. Before he let her sleep, he asked for the address of Harvey Lewis' sister.

"So I can telephone," he said.

"He'll come after me."

"He won't know where you are," Dundeen said. "But I've got to tell him what court we'll be in tomorrow, and when. They'll want his side of the story."

Harvey Lewis was furious when Dundeen finally got him on the line. "You bring her here!" he said. "And you bring her now! That girl's a minor!"

"I know," Dundeen said. "She'll be in Judge Elliot's court first thing tomorrow morning. You be there, and you can nail my hide to the barn. How about it?"

"I'll be there!" Harvey Lewis said.

Then Dundeen placed a long-distance call. "Dad," he said, "what's the big idea? Here it is four-thirty Monday morning, day after tomorrow's Wednesday, the week's half gone, and you're still in bed. How lazy can you get?"

He held the receiver away to spare his ear the violent reply. "I'm going to court in the morning," he said. "I'm going to face a charge of assault and battery, kidnapping and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. How's that for a night's work?"

"Sounds busy," his father said. "Tell me about it."

The girl was asleep when Dundeen went back to her. He stood with the porter, looking down at her quiet face. "This is a good girl," he said softly.

The porter bristled. "Who said she wasn't?"

THE place where Judge Grace Elliot heard the problems of children was not a courtroom in the

usual sense. It was a large many-windowed room, equipped with oak tables and oak chairs. The walls were lined with books. There were a number of people in the room at ten o'clock the following morning. Dundeen and Mary sat at one of the tables, Harvey Lewis at another. Others were sitting in the rear of the room.

Judge Grace Elliot was a woman of fifty-five. She was small, her hair was gray, her face thin and sharp. If there was warmth in the woman, humor or compassion, she hid them well. She looked at all who came before her with direct and probing eyes. She spoke to them in a cool voice.

"Mr. Harvey Lewis," she said, "will you come forward?"

Harvey Lewis folded his topcoat carefully and left it on the table. His heavy jaw was freshly shaved, his sandy hair was wetly combed, but there was weariness in the set of his blocky shoulders, grave concern in his pale eyes. Clearly, his manner said, he had rested little through the night. Judge Elliot looked at him for some time before she spoke.

"Mary Lasher has never been a ward of this court," she said then. "But since the child is in this city, I'll hear the case and make my recommendations to the proper authorities. You may tell me whatever facts you feel are important."

"The child ran away," Harvey Lewis began.

He showed the judge his tired face. He had given Mary a good home, he said, all the care and at-



tention a child could possibly need. It had been a heartbreaking thing to find her gone.

He had checked the bus depot in Scottsburg, had learned that she had bought a ticket there, and he then had come after her with all haste. It had been luck and nothing else that he had found her just as she met the soldier.

"The soldier slugged me and they ran away together," he said. "I couldn't find them. I spent the night with my sister, hoping the girl would change her mind and come there. I heard nothing from them until early this morning. Apparently, they had become frightened after spending the night together."

"What do you feel should be done?"

"The girl's a minor. The soldier should be punished. I'll sign a complaint. Mary's like a daughter to me. I'll take her back and my wife and I will do our best to straighten her out."

"I won't go." Mary whispered.

Dundeen covered her hand with his. "Easy does it."

The judge asked then for a Mr. Snell. The bus-depot porter, small and spry, hurried forward to give his account of what had happened. He was followed by the belligerent cab driver and Officer Delahantey, the beat cop.

Delahantey summed it up. "I've known some bad ones," he said. "But most kids work hard at being good kids. Like I said in my report, these are two of the best."

Softly, Dundeen said, "Thanks, you good people."

The judge said, "Mary Lasher, come forward, please."

Eyes impersonal, voice cool, the judge asked Mary to give her reasons for running away. Mary repeated the things she had told Dundeen and the cab driver. Frightened now, she couldn't speak with conviction. Her reasons seemed weightless, even frivolous, and the judge looked at her without sympathy.

"Are you willing to go back with Mr. Lewis?"

"NO!" Mary said. "I'll run away again."

"Then you would be sent to an institution."

"I—I guess you'd better send me now."

The judge looked at the papers spread before her for a moment. Then she called Dundeen. He went to stand beside Mary, tall there, young of face, but quietly untroubled.

The judge studied the two young people, her face expressionless.

"John Dundeen," she said, "in

Officer Delahantey's report, he states that you wish to ask Mr. Lewis some questions. Will you do that now?"

"Yes, ma'am." Dundeen turned to face Harvey Lewis. "You treated Mary all right when you were broke. When you began to make money suddenly—a lot of money out of a print shop that had never given you more than a bare living—you made her a prisoner, as much a prisoner as you could make of a high-school girl. Were you afraid she might unknowingly give someone a clue as to how you were making that money?"

Lewis' face lost color. "What nonsense! I refuse—"

"Why didn't you call the police after I hit you last night?" Dundeen asked. "I'm a soldier, she's a minor; as her guardian, it was the thing you should have done. Are you afraid of the police, Mr. Lewis? Afraid they'll ask you what you're printing?"

Now Lewis' face was white. He was not tired now, not discouraged; he was a frightened, guilt-ridden man.

Judge Elliot asked, "What are you printing, Mr. Lewis?"

Mary was staring at Lewis, wide-eyed, thinking. "Stamps," she whispered in a small voice. "Stamps for whisky bottles—I heard him and Mrs. Lewis arguing about them one night. She didn't want him to. Can he print those?"

"No," Delahantey said.

He took Lewis by the arm, took him away to talk to the Treasury people about counterfeit Federal tax stamps and the distributors who would buy them. Judge Elliot gave her attention to the papers on her

desk again. She made a comment to no one in particular that Lewis had indeed had cause to keep Mary as close to home as he could. There was nothing like a child, she said, for giving away family secrets. Then she looked at Mary.

"But what are we going to do with you?"

Dundeen said, "May I make a suggestion?"

What he had in mind, he said, was a ranch east of the mountains. A couple of good people up there had lost their top hand to the Army for a couple of years. They were in need of a replacement, even a tenderfoot-girl type. They had plenty of room, indoors and out, and even a jeep for her to ride in.

"I mean my folks," Dundeen said. He put a Dundeen Cattle Corporation business card on the desk. "I talked to them last night. They're all for it. All they need is a call from the people in charge, and they'll be here in three hours."

"I'll call them," Judge Elliot said.

Dundeen looked at Mary. "What do you say?"

Mary tried to say yes, but no words came.

Dundeen cupped her chin and lifted it. "So now I've got a bus to catch. What I want from you is a letter now and then. And when I come back, a girl who's proud and tall. Can do?"

"Can do," she said.

Dundeen turned. "Mr. Murphy," he said to the belligerent cab driver. "How's to see a soldier on his way?"

"Be a pleasure," Murphy said.

All Men Are Brothers

THE travelworn soldier plopped into the seat beside me. Comfortably settled, he made conversation:

"I'm on my way home for my first furlough in several years. Just returned from overseas—"

"Well, you've done your share."

"It's no more than I should have done. It was lonely over there, but I had some experiences that ought to make me a better man."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, I learned to respect Charlie. He's a Negro. I'm a Southerner. I used to hate Negroes. I don't know why. They never did anything to me. Guess it was a prejudice I learned. I know better now."

"Why?"

"Well, I lived side by side with Negroes in the army. I ate with them; slept in the same foxhole with them."

"I was hurt in Korea, shot three times. In the thick of the fire, Charlie crawled out to me on all fours, gave me first aid, and carried me back to an aid station. I'm alive right now because of him. Charlie's conduct gave me respect for him—and the rest of his people."

This young man's conversation reveals the change in thinking which has come over hundreds of servicemen and women as they have served their country alongside their fellow Americans of darker skin.

Our Disgraceful Acts

Unfortunately there have also been humiliating incidents indicating that many in our land are unwilling to face this new day and make adjustments. In certain areas disgraceful acts have flaunted the basic rights of all citizens as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, the Supreme Court's recent ruling, and the preamble to the United Nations Charter which reads:

"To reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small . . . to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors."

As a result of this failure of a few to get along with our "black brothers" the whole world is discounting our nation. Reports of racial intolerance undercut American influence in Asia, Africa, and Europe more than any

other factor. We are on the spot before the world because of our failure to put into practice the teachings of democracy and Christianity with respect to brotherhood.

This month we celebrate the birthday of two U.S. presidents whose names have become immortal. We also observe Race Relations Sunday and Brotherhood Week. Now is the time to affirm afresh our faith in the brotherhood of man and begin actually to put this belief into practice.

Even as in the era of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln every true American today believes in the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. Americans believe in freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want and fear—and these are rights of all men regardless of race. Most of us will admit in principle that the Negroes and other racial minorities have the same right to freedom and justice as other citizens. But in practice it is often different. As Christian citizens we must see that our principles and our practice are one. We must take a stand for fair political practices, equal wages for equal work, equality in educational systems, adequate health facilities, better housing, better sanitation, and equality of opportunity for all men.

Our country occupies a significant role in the council of nations. And our promotion of international understanding and brotherhood will go a long way toward assuring world peace. Let us remember that our attitude toward race at home will aid or handicap our role in promoting

brotherhood among all the nations.

There are two very good reasons why the intelligent Christian must believe that all men regardless of race are equal. He cannot take the position that one race is superior or inferior to another.

Science Shows Men Are Equal

First, the penetrating eye of science has been unable to see anything in the human race to justify placing a blue ribbon on any branch of it. Biologists agree on the essential similarity of men's bodies the earth over and the relatively superficial differences among them. Anthropologists have observed the striking psychic similarities among all men, their community of passion, action, and behavior patterns. Sociologists have discovered that one race will take on readily and easily the social characteristics of another.

The Scriptures Prove It

There is a second reason which points up the equality of men. The Scriptures disprove the notion that God has favorite children. True, the children of Israel are regarded as God's Chosen People, but they were chosen not to be a superior race but to minister to all people. At the very beginning of the Hebrew nation God included all mankind in his covenant with Abraham. "By you all the families of the earth will bless themselves" (Gen. 12:3). The prophet Jonah had been a narrow Jew, but learned the hard way that God loved all men, including the hated Ninevites. Then he preached to these hated Gentiles and God gave the

greatest revival recorded anywhere in the Old Testament.

In the New Testament we discover that Jesus refused to be swept along with the prevailing currents of racial antipathy. He severely rebuked the Pharisees, or "the Separators," those who separated themselves from others. He took great pains to show the folly of racial hatred between Jew and Samaritan. Generally the Jews, in going from Judea to Galilee, crossed the Jordan River and went completely around Samaria to avoid contact with the hated Samaritans. But Jesus "had to pass through Samaria" (John 4:4). The beautiful and classic parable of the good Samaritan was told to point up the healing mercy of the man who was a member of a despised race. And after his resurrection, Jesus proclaimed through the Great Commission, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations" (Matt. 28:19).

Later, after his ascension, Jesus' disciples proved they understood him and went everywhere and preached the Word. Philip did not hesitate to sit down beside an Ethiopian. Peter eventually learned to eat with Gentiles. And Paul proudly proclaimed, "For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek; the same Lord is Lord of all and bestows his riches upon all who call upon him. For everyone who calls upon the name of the Lord will be saved" (Rom. 10:12, 13).

We Must Help One Another

Of course the white and colored races differ in many ways besides the color of skin. But who can say that

these distinguishing traits entitle either race to a claim of superiority? "The squirrel may not be able to carry a forest on its back," says Clarence L. Jordan, "neither can the mountain crack a nut. Then why should they look disparagingly upon each other?"

Although the Negro people have made tremendous strides of progress since emancipation, in many respects they still may be considered as a child race in the human family. But because the child cannot equal the adult in its accomplishments must we therefore conclude that the child is inferior? Are not all the potentialities of adulthood within the child? Given a fair opportunity for normal development, the child will in time take his place alongside the other adult members of the human family. Actually we see this evidenced in such notables as George Washington Carver, Booker T. Washington, Ralph Bunche and others.

GI's have a special opportunity to practice brotherhood in the military for they serve with persons of all races. You can help break down the artificial distinctions of race, nationality, creed, and economic status that divide man from man.

What You Can Do

Fortunately, the concept of brotherhood is growing everywhere. Twenty years ago, almost nobody was doing anything about brotherhood. Now, more than eight hundred American cities have groups which work hard at breaking down segregation, opening up homes and schools and jobs for everybody, building

peace between colored and white Americans, Christians and Jewish Americans, Catholic, and Protestant Americans, and old-line and newly-arrived Americans. It is good that Christian churches are taking seriously the responsibility to build better racial understanding and appreciation.

But can one person do anything? Marjorie Penney of Fellowship House, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says yes and lists these things:

Inform yourself. There is a lot of material that you can have for a dime, a quarter, a trip to the nearest library, or a two-cent postal. There's no excuse for ignorance about the most important of groups, the human race.

Pass the information on to someone else. Make friends with those

from other racial or religious groups. Ask questions. Don't act as though the only right way to do everything is your way.

Cultivate a "third ear." Listen for the things which aren't said but felt. You know what we mean—everyone does. The really important things are seldom spelled out in the papers or hashed out in government headquarters. The important things are said over dinner tables and by good men who aren't afraid.

Getting to know a group other than your own is better than some college educations! Let us join young Lincoln who said on the Mississippi years ago, "If I ever get the chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." He had his chance and we have ours. Let us hit racial intolerance hard!

■ ■ ■

Port of Missing Men

(Continued from page 27)

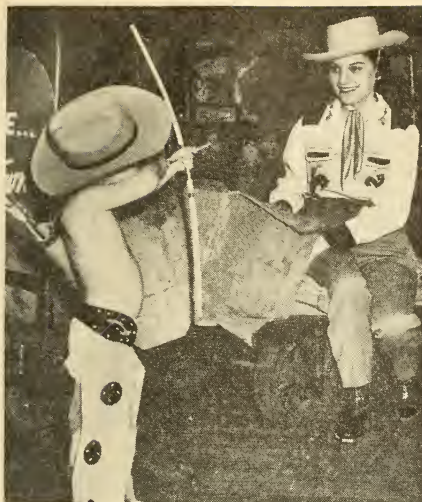
Sometimes a man will find his own name on the missing list and communicate with Mrs. Wessel's office and say, simply, "Well, here I am."

Mrs. Wessel gets a big kick out of her work. She has the immense satisfaction of a job well done; a natural affinity for the sea and its ways; and sometimes, she can look out of her office window and see two people—the searcher and the sought—walking down the street side-by-side. Then she breathes a prayer of thanksgiving to God that he put her in the Port of Missing Men.

■ ■ ■

Testimony from Glenn Cunningham on Alcohol

"My experience in competition against those athletes who use alcoholic beverages even in small amounts has convinced me that they lack the intestinal fortitude to keep giving when the going really gets tough. They are erratic and undependable. When their best is needed most, they fail to come through. Real champions don't drink; drinkers are not real champions. Every ambitious youth interested in reaching the top in any athletic event must completely abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages. There can be no compromise."



Soon after Cupid took aim at one of his pretty helpers, wedding bells rang for Thelma Tacheco

A Valentine from America's Sweetheart Town

By FLORENCE K. FRAME

EVERY February Dan Cupid has a busy time in Loveland, Colorado. He supervises an unusual sweetheart service, the remailing of thousands of Valentine cards and packages stamped with the specially-designed crimson cachet of America's Sweetheart Town. In this project, he is aided vigorously by Uncle Sam's postmaster, Fred Brewer, the Loveland Chamber of Commerce and many townsfolk.

Ingredients of the cachet (or letter seal), besides the figure of Cupid in cowboy boots, chaps and a ten gallon hat, are a sweetheart verse, an

outline of the Colorado Rockies, some distinctive design or Cupid's Heart L Brand.

Last year on the tenth anniversary of this service, Cupid's verse was, "Atomic missiles are super we know, But no match for the arrow from Dan Cupid's bow." An earlier verse read, "From romantic Loveland the kid with the dart, Sends Valentine greetings to all young at heart."

Anyone anywhere can send a Valentine or group of Valentines for remailing to Loveland. They may be addressed to the postmaster or the Chamber of Commerce. The cards

should be in an outer envelope, stamped and addressed for mailing. When they arrive in Loveland, the crimson cachet is stamped on the envelope and the card remailed. Since so many people are using the service, Cupid advises allowing plenty of time.

Sending Valentines to Loveland to be remailed started eleven years ago when sweethearts all over the country believed Loveland's postal cancellation stamp made them lucky in love. At first the cachet consisted of a simple Valentine greeting, but as the mailbag grew and grew to its present enormous proportions, Cupid engaged some Loveland artists to add additional touches. Many a person claims this cachet had a lot to do with bringing him his heart's desire.

"All was forgiven with the Loveland stamped Valentine," wrote a serviceman who had regrettably forgotten to send his wife a Valentine the previous year.

A message from an oldster who was delighted with this service brought smiles to the Chamber of Commerce staff. He said, "What a wonderful way to play Post Office."

Every year the messages come from all over the country and as far away as Sweden and New Zealand, Uruguay and South Africa. Words of thanks from so many sweethearts have convinced the people of Loveland their Cowboy Cupid will always be welcome wherever his cachet is sent.

One of last year's happy recipients of Cupid's message wrote, "In times like these, we need to concentrate

more on a spirit of love among all mankind and less on hate."

Saint Valentine would have approved of this sentiment, for he preached the importance of love and honor in marriage and of the need for marital constancy. He viewed the pagan practices of ancient Rome with sadness and was finally sentenced to die for his preaching against them. It was his farewell message that carried the now famous words, "From your Valentine."

In American colonial days of the eighteenth century, Valentines were brought by hand to the lady's doorstep. They were folded and sealed with wax, generally red in color. After 1845, however, Valentines could be sent by mail. With the establishment of uniform postage rates, mail was prepared and envelopes stamped.

Originally, Valentines were handmade and beautiful. The decline of their originality can probably be traced to the beginning of the machine-made models. The comic design or message became popular and sentiment was somewhat outmoded. But lately, Valentines have once again assumed their original beauty with the good illustrations and bits of verse identified with Cupid's symbols of love.

In Loveland, some of the spirit of that love has rubbed off on the community's own citizens. There's human warmth at every turn. Community projects flourish. Substantial families live in pleasant harmony. And they all turn thumbs down on commercialization of their pet Valentine's day activity.

Cupid's first helper in Loveland, former postmaster Elmer Ives, is now the city's mayor, a popular figure in every project. This is double proof the city likes being the nation's Sweetheart Town and wouldn't want to stop their Valentine operations no matter how extensive they become.

The city of Loveland was founded in 1877 by the pioneer railroad builder, W. A. H. Loveland. One of early Colorado's most colorful characters, he doubtless never dreamed a village named after him would some-

day become the state and nation's Sweetheart Town. Those large red heart signs on the highways leading into Loveland would be sure to startle him.

This progressive little city is situated where the magnificent Rocky Mountains tower over fertile plains in the very heart of colorful, scenic Colorado. Two major U.S. highways, US 34 east-west to the Rocky Mountain National Park and US 287 north-south to Yellowstone bring tourists by the thousands into this tremendously exciting territory.



State of Colorado Photo

Loveland is nationally famous for its magnificent view of the Rocky Mountains as well as its sweetheart activities



Original cachet used from 1947
through 1952

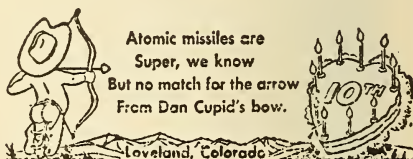
The invigorating air at altitude five thousand feet, as well as the inspiring moderate climate, entices more vacationers every year both summer and winter. Here they can take scenic mountain drives, fish in mountain streams, boat and water-ski on Lake Loveland in the summer. During the winter months there are wonderful ski facilities close by. Whoever comes is soon saturated with the spirit of the West. Many become so enthralled with the magnificent view and the friendly people, they decide to stay.

For those who do remain, making a living is not too difficult. The fertile land in the area makes agriculture of the diversified crop type a natural occupation. Dairying and livestock raising are also important to the economy. Both agriculture and industry were given a potent "shot in the arm" by the completion a few years ago of the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation's Colorado-Big Thompson Project which brought tremendous supplies of water and power to the area.

Manufacturing and processing of

the products raised in the area goes on, too. Sugar beets are processed and vegetables canned. Farm machinery is manufactured here as well as building products and chemicals. Loveland is believed to have more small industries than any community of its size in the entire state.

All of these operations make Loveland a busy community. But in spite of their growing prosperity, the residents are happiest about something for which they get no pay. They love their Cowboy Cupid and the special Valentine service which he symbolizes. When February 14th has come and gone, the goodwill lingers in the Nation's Sweetheart Town.



This cachet was used last year, 1957, on the tenth anniversary

Without Religious Jargon

Candidates for character
—how do you measure up?

SEVERAL years ago, a book with the simple, intriguing title *Witness* hit the best seller list for months. It was written by Whittaker Chambers, ex-Communist and *Time* magazine editor whose testimony convicted Alger Hiss. He was star witness for the prosecution. Here is what he said:

"I was a witness. I do not mean a witness for the government or against Alger Hiss and the others. Nor do I mean the short, squat, solitary figure, trudging through the impersonal halls of public buildings to testify before Congressional Committees, grand juries, loyalty boards, courts of law. A man is not primarily a witness against something. That is only incidental to the fact that he is a witness for something. A witness in the sense that I am using the word, is a man whose life and faith are so completely one that when the challenge comes to step out and testify for his faith, he does so, disregarding all rules, accepting all consequences."

Witnessing Defined

What does it mean to witness, to be a witness? From this statement

of Whittaker Chambers we see that witnessing is far more than rising before a court of people and giving testimony. It involves your whole life. It involves proving by the way you live all the time the truth and validity of your faith. You as a young Christian person in 1958, are a witness of some kind concerning the Christian faith and way of life. What you say, your attitudes, all you do and are, present to your corner of the world some kind of testimony about Jesus Christ, whose you are and whose name you bear.

Jesus said, "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth" (Acts 1:8).

This saying of Jesus was intended for all who follow him, even you and me. It points out that as Christians we have a sacred trust to show the world by our deeds and words what it means to be a true follower of Jesus Christ. If we're in the services, our first responsibility for Christian witnessing is right where we are and then this responsibility goes on out to the most distant and most primitive peoples of the earth.

Beginning right where we are, let's take a look at our own personalities to see if they communicate our faith. You know how contagious our moods are. Whenever Joe Sad-Sack enters the barracks you can feel the morale barometer register gloomy and cloudy. However, when Happy Harry breezes in, "spring is busting out all over."

Nothing is more contagious than the experiences which come to the human spirit. Whenever such experiences are profound and deeply moving to the individual concerned they spread to others around with a force and speed that makes a chain reaction seem like a "slow boat to China."

One of the main reasons the witnessing of some persons has no more power than it does is that their own Christian experience is all too often insipid, shallow, superficial and insincere. It is contagious—yes—but like a disease not like a hearty laugh or a vibrant spirit.

Dynamic Witnesses

Any witness to the Christian way—a bearer of Good News—must truly come under the dynamic life-changing saving power of Jesus and be transformed daily into the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Following such a change the compulsion to witness to others by deed and word will be as natural and inevitable as it is for radioactive elements to propel out their packets of energy. The very nature of the power inside makes the radiation inevitable.

In an earlier article we considered our silent witness to the Christian

way. We say there that nothing commends Christ to others more effectively than the quality of life and of work. Faults of character and slipshod work bring nothing but discredit to Christ and contempt for the Christian way. Soundness of character, absolute trustworthiness, a genuine desire to serve others, and efficiency in one's particular job, will speak far louder than any words.

Yet we must be prepared to tell people of Christ if we wish to bring them to the point of sharing the relationship with him.

Witnessing does very surely involve our trying—humbly, tactfully, but with deep, loving, redemptive concern—to get other persons to accept Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord and to become active, growing, worshiping, serving members of his church. The witness of the life you live—at home, in camp or on board ship, in games and sports, in your church activities, in wider relationships—all this constitutes the most important Christian witness you can bear. But then, as a Christian person, you must go on to the next step, that of persuading other persons to become Christian also!

Why Talk Your Christianity

Everybody else uses the arts of communication to persuade people to buy their products, accept their ideas and plans. If we do not communicate the Good News, it simply won't be heard or received.

Men are lost without Christ. Their lives may be superficially happy and prosperous, they may achieve good ratings, be good athletes, be popular

with the opposite sex, but without Christian commitment they are lost here and hereafter. You can help them better than any older person can.

You are a follower of Christ. It was his intention that as a witness you should help other persons to become his disciples. You can do it, and you will not be fulfilling his will for you and them until you share the faith by which you live.

This is the way all fine things are shared—by persuasive word backed up by the testimony of a consistent life. In barracks bull-sessions, in natural pow-wows around camps, when on maneuvers in trying places, when in town with the other guys for an evening, there you witness. You do this with utter honesty, simplicity, a minimum of religious jargon, and certainly no “holier than thou” manner.

Speaking of religious jargon, have you ever considered the power of a word? Our generation uses so loosely rich words like love, hate, thrill. Someone has pointed out that the stories that come out of Hollywood have to begin with an earthquake and still go on to a climax. Some religious groups have a jargon all their own, much of which alienates normal people. Avoid being one of those “peculiar religious guys.”

You ought to watch out, however, for opportunities to witness by word of mouth to your faith. Ray Koonce tells of an experience he had at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois, thus:

“Saturday evening I inadvertently said to a group of fellows in my com-

pany that I regretted being scheduled for table waiting duty the next day because I had planned to attend church. Tony, whose racial identity I was never able to ascertain, retorted, ‘So you’re one of those religious guys, huh? I’ve seen your kind before!’ He put his choice bit of sarcasm, of which he possessed an abundance, into the rebuff.

“That night he suggested that he and I take a walk together. We did. Hardly had we started when he began pouring out a volley of questions about the meaning of life, the reality of God, and so on and so forth, ad infinitum. He WANTED to talk about Christ. He was eager. It was not a conversation which ensued; it was a filibuster, led by Tony. He was intensely interested in the matter of becoming a Christian. Agreeing with many of the things which I tried to tell him about Christ, he declined to accept Christ until ‘we talk some more.’ The next day along with five hundred other trainees, I left for Camp Roberts, California, with approximately thirty minutes’ warning. I never knew whether Tony decided for Christ. Since that time, he has come to typify to me the large group of fellows here who secretly and fervently procrastinate taking the meaningful step of giving themselves to him. Deep down in their hearts they admire real Christians. I have heard them confess it numerous times.”

How Do You Witness

To conclude, must we not agree that every Christian is inescapably a witness, whether he recognizes it or

not—good, bad, indifferent, negative, positive, or neutral? Christian living is Christian witnessing. There are just two camps in the world—Christian and non-Christian. The stand you take on certain principles and practices automatically places you in one or the other.

Some Christians try to stay in both camps but they witness badly and bring reproach upon the name of Christ. Other Christians are always found in the right camp. That's good. It is necessary but it alone is not enough for "passive witnessing is not powerful witnessing." "And he said to them 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.'"

Christ's command to you is that

you bring others to him. Nowhere is there any indication that this command is negated by the performance of other duties. Nor do we have assurance that there will be any other time than the present in which to produce the fruit expected of us.

Regardless of what special duties you may have in your military assignment never forget that your chief mission is to point others to Christ, the way, the truth, the life. Let the Christ whom you possess, possess you so completely that he may really be pre-eminent in your camp or on your ship.



Happiness Is a Tool

Those who use happiness as a tool for living appreciate, enjoy, and find satisfaction now in everything they have and in everything they do. Their condition in life may not be ideal, and need not represent the limit of their ambitions. But being content for the present, they can plan with imagination and work with enthusiasm. Those who make happiness a goal, push it off into the future and make it something to struggle for, rather than something to know and enjoy. To make happiness a goal is never to know it. To make happiness a tool is never to lose it.

Nuggets



"Now, Dover . . . what makes you think you're qualified for guerrilla warfare?"

A man who thinks marriage is a 50-50 proposition doesn't understand one of two things: women or fractions.
—Cappers Weekly

at ease!



"... Talk about fall-out . . . I've been suffering the effects of it for the past fifteen years."

A young Bostonian just graduated from Harvard, moved to the Middle West and was looking at new houses. "Now here," said the real estate agent, "is a house without a flaw."

"But," protested the Harvard grad, "what on earth do you walk on?"

—Oral Hygiene

"I see you're letting your little son drive the car."

"Yes, he's still too young to be treated as a pedestrian."

News & Views

The oldest first lieutenant in the Air Force, 50 years old if he was a day, had this explanation for his failure to get promoted.

"It was during the campaign in the Pacific," he explained. "Every night the CO insisted on getting us out of bed for an alert.

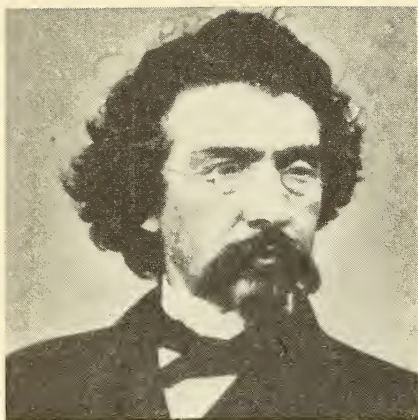
"After a couple of months, I found a large monkey in the hills, dressed him in one of my old uniforms and trained him to run to my plane when the alert sounded, hop in, start the engine, and sit there with his hand on the throttle until the all-clear sounded.

"For weeks it worked beautifully, but one night the all-clear never came, and I rushed onto the field just in time to see my plane with the monkey at the controls taking off from the field and joining the formation. There we were, the CO and I, the only two persons left on the field.

"And that's why I'm the oldest lieutenant in the Air Force," the officer concluded. "And I wouldn't mind it so much—if it weren't for the fact that the monkey is now a colonel."

A speaker was talking to a bunch of teen-agers about things that happened in the West in an early day. He said Billy the Kid had killed 21 men when he was 21 years old.

A girl that had been listening open-mouthed said, "And what make of a car did he drive?"



Hancock Studio

Mathew B. Brady—the first American to demonstrate the military value of photography

Little known story of
the outstanding Civil
War photographer

He Braved Bullets

By BEN BERKEY

MATHEW B. BRADY is well known as a photographer of the Civil War battlefields. Few people, however, are aware that he operated a photographic studio on Broadway, in New York City, before the war, and was a genial host to hundreds of the nation's political and social celebrities of that period.

But it was on the battlefield that he braved heavy shot and shell to snap pictures of the dead and dying, pictures that have become collectors' items in today's atomic age.

As a young man, Brady became

so enthusiastic over the possibilities of portrait photography that he decided to specialize in that branch. His painstaking and professional touch was destined to earn for him a most enviable reputation in many exhibitions. Coupled with his personal charm and good looks, he soon became the darling of the smart set of every social circle in New York City.

A score of society women posed and preened before his camera and ordered dozens of his photographs, coming again and again into his

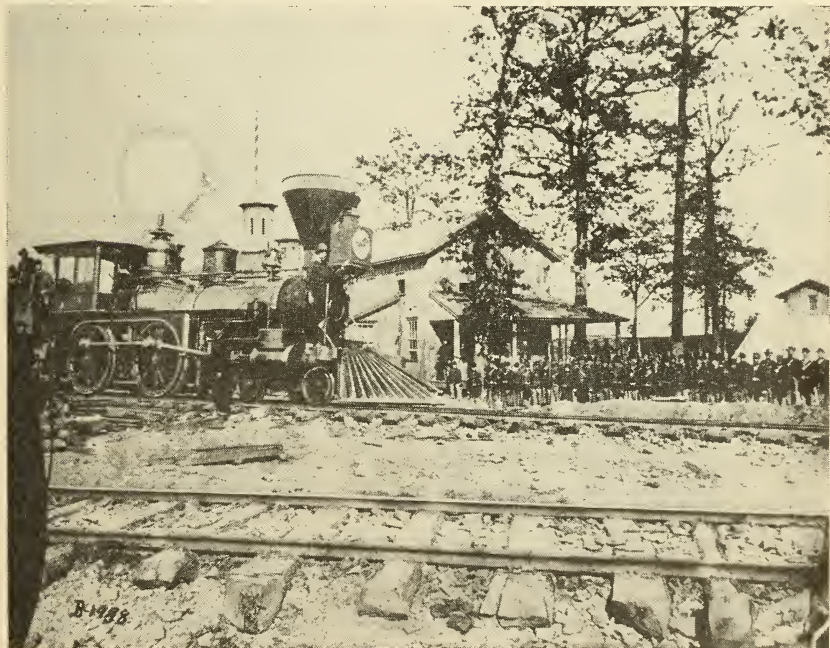
studio merely to catch the eye of the young, romantic looking photographer.

Brady ignored their romantic designs, and concentrated on his work, devoting every moment of his spare time to his favorite project—the invention of a process that would shorten the time necessary to develop a print after the picture was taken.

Success did not come easily, and the process he was searching for took many years. In the meantime, many illustrious persons visited the little

studio on Broadway. Among the most famous was Lincoln, who came to New York to make a speech at Cooper's Union in 1860.

Later, during the war years, Mathew Brady photographed President Lincoln many times near Civil War battlefronts. These were trying times for Brady, now grown mellow and more mature. But his passion for perfection never left him. He destroyed a great many more pictures than he turned in to the War Department. It would be interesting if we could see some of them.



Library of Congress Photo

This Civil War picture probably taken by Brady shows a troop train of General George B. McClellan's arriving at a division headquarters.

One of Brady's most popular Civil War photographs showed Lincoln and General Grant's staff sitting before a tent, a sober looking group of men, discussing, no doubt, the military strategy of an impending battle.

The first time Lincoln visited Brady's studio, it was while he was on a speaking tour in New York. That afternoon, not seeing anyone about the premises, he opened the door to Brady's dark-room where the photographer was bent over a plate. The next moment, a series of profane oaths filled the not-so-fresh air of the tiny dark room.

"Shut that door! Don't you know that I'm working on a plate in here?"

Of course when Mathew Brady learned the identity of his visitor, he was shocked with embarrassment. But it was Lincoln himself who assumed the full blame for the indiscretion.

"It was all my fault, Mr. Brady. I should have more sense than go breaking into a place without permission."

Brady never forgot that incident as long as he lived, and later in life he regaled more than one customer with the tale. Another famous personality operated his business directly across from Brady's photography studio. That illustrious individual was none other than P. T. Barnum, who was to become America's greatest showman.

Phineas Barnum and Mathew Brady became fast friends as the years went by. The showman often sent his friends across the street to Brady's place to have their portraits done.

One of the most celebrated Barnum sent was the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, who was at the time under contract to him. When Brady first saw her, he was practically hypnotized by her beauty, charm and grace. It is said that after he had taken several pictures, and she had left the studio, Brady, still entranced by her beauty, walked about his studio whispering, "It's not possible that she's that beautiful. It's just not possible!"

Another famous Brady photograph shows General Robert E. Lee, the defeated Southern leader sitting on a chair, flanked on one side by his son, General George Washington Custis Lee, and on the other, Colonel Walter Taylor.

The taking of this picture was one of Brady's saddest and most poignant moments. When arrangements for the ceremonies of the surrender at the Appomattox Court House were announced, Brady, a veteran of the battlefields of the Civil War, was bitterly disappointed that he was not invited.

Hiding his chagrin as best he could, he decided to photograph the defeated general in another way. When he heard that Lee had returned to his home in the Confederate capital, Brady followed him there. He found him still in good spirits despite the occasion, and was relieved when General Lee consented to sit for him. Brady took more than half a dozen photographs on the back porch of the General's Richmond home.

Later, many of his colleagues asked Brady,

"Tell us, Brady, old boy, however did you get up the nerve to walk right up to General Lee and ask him to pose for you?"

And Mathew Brady, as aggressive in his job as he was charming in manner, replied,

"Perhaps that was it. I wasn't aware that it was one of those things that are just not being done."

Brady, born in Warren County, New York, learned his art from a competent teacher—Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph. Morse himself had an able instructor in photography, the inventor of the daguerreotype photography. He had studied under the French inventor, in Europe.

Brady was an able and persevering student. In a year he had learned practically all there was to know about the art of photography as it then existed. On June 18, 1844, he opened his photography studio on the corner of Broadway and Fulton Streets, New York City, and he was ready for business. It was during Brady's early days on Broadway that he perfected his familiar portrait studies that were to become so popular all over the United States.

Perhaps it was Barnum himself who suggested the flamboyant name for Brady's studio, for it reflects that colorful showman's genius for publicity,

"BRADY'S DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY"

At first, business was slow. New Yorkers in those days, were cold to the idea that portrait photography was to become an established custom on the American scene. They thought

of it merely as a current vogue that would soon pass.

But after Mathew Brady exhibited his portrait of Jenny Lind in the front window of his store, and passers-by saw it, his reputation was assured. His little studio became a veritable mecca for every well-known theatrical celebrity on concert stage and music hall, including most of New York's society.

His clientele included some of Europe's visiting royalty, all eager to own a portrait of themselves with the Brady name imprinted on it. Even Mark Twain, the famous author, fell victim to the Brady charm.

By now, the little "picture shop around the corner," was taking up every minute of Brady's time. More than once, he could be found curled up on a bunk in back of the studio fast asleep. Brady's business had become so successful that he was making almost thirty thousand plates annually.

He wasn't exactly wealthy, but he was doing well financially and Brady thought that he was well on the road to success and fame. He had built his shabby little shop into an internationally-known institution. Everyone, it seemed, was clamoring for one of his unique photographs.

Then came the outbreak of the Civil War and the decision that was to send him into the darkest despair he had ever known. Brady asked for and was granted permission by the Union Army to become their official photographer but without portfolio. That meant he was allowed to take pictures on the battlefields, but he was to finance the venture himself.

Knowing this, Brady decided to go along hoping, in the end, to sell some of the pictures and recoup his fortune. He was under fire constantly, and many of the Union soldiers commented on his unusual bravery, stating quite frankly that he showed more nerve than some of their comrades.

His portable wagon, horse driven, went everywhere. The soldiers named it the "Whatsit Wagon" and never ceased to joke about it.

Brady and his portable dark-room visited many battlefields; Chancellorsville, the Second Manassas, the blood bath at Fredericksburg, Antietam, and a score of others.

As he expected, at war's end, he was practically penniless, and when he came back to New York, it was to file bankruptcy, for by then other photographers had opened studios using his method and he was unable to compete against them without capital. He was growing old, and

constant immersion of his hands in cold water had produced a rheumatic condition, and combined with his lack of proper food and living quarters, he became ill.

He never fully recovered his losses nor his health, and he died alone and unmourned in the alms ward of New York's Presbyterian Hospital in 1896, at about the same time that his old comrades of the Seventh Regiment of the Union Army planned a benefit dinner in his honor.

Of all the famous personalities he photographed during his professional career, Mathew B. Brady never tired of telling the story of the tall, homely-faced, genial gentleman with the stove-pipe hat and unpressed suit, who accidentally burst into his dark-room that day in 1860, and was properly reprimanded for his foolish act—the man who was to become our martyred President—Abraham Lincoln.



"AN HONOR I WISHED TO AVOID . . ."

Anyone who wonders why America has always regarded George Washington as its ideal soldier has only to read a letter written to a friend by the General just after he was named Commander of the Continental Army 182 years ago (June 15, 1775).

I have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the Colonies to the command of the Continental Army. It is an honor I by no means aspired to. It is an honor I wished to avoid, as well from an unwillingness to quit the peaceful enjoyment of my family, as from a thorough conviction of my own incapacity and want of experience in the conduct of so momentous a concern; but the partiality of the Congress, added to some political motives, left me without a choice. May God grant, therefore, that my acceptance of it may be attended with some good to the common cause, and without injury (from want of knowledge) to my own reputation. I can answer but for three things: a firm belief in the justice of our cause, close attention in the prosecution of it, and the strictest integrity

—Quote

First in Manners

By VINCENT EDWARDS

SELDOM has an American housewife faced a more humiliating situation than did a Pennsylvania lady when she and her husband were host to George Washington in October, 1794.

Accompanied by General Knox, his Secretary of War, and Alexander Hamilton, his Secretary of the Treasury, the President was making an inspection tour of the militia called out to suppress the "Whisky Rebellion." His journey included a stop at the town of Bedford where he was to be entertained by William McDermett and his wife.

In honor of her distinguished guests, the lady of the house had succeeded in obtaining a large wild turkey as the principal *piece de resistance* of her repast. Roasted to a succulent brown and giving off the most tempting savour, the big bird was all ready to be set before the company.

Begging to be excused for a moment, Mrs. McDermett withdrew to the kitchen. She planned to make a triumphal entry with the turkey on a huge platter.

Between her kitchen and the dining-room ran a passage in which the single window stood open. A narrow alleyway extended along this side of the house.

Just as the hostess was carrying

the turkey through this passageway, a ragged soldier's arm was thrust through the window. In less time than it takes to tell it, the man had grabbed the big turkey by one of the legs.

The next instant flying feet were heard on the road outside as the thief made off into the night with his prize. Mrs. McDermett was left staring at an empty platter.

Too overcome by surprise to turn back, she bore the dish into the dining-room. Crushed by her loss, Mrs. McDermett told what had happened, and then burst into tears.

The assembled gathering felt for their hostess, but, under the circumstances, didn't know what to do or say. But one guest was equal to the situation.

President Washington rose quickly and bowing low, he spoke up, "I pray you to think no more of this mishap, my dear madam."

Then, pointing to the table that was laden with all the other good things that the lady of the house had set before them, he added, "Surely we can say with Sir Philip Sidney, 'His need is greater than ours.'"

Everybody joined in the laugh that followed. Mrs. McDermett soon forgot her tears, and the entire company became jovial once more.

he loved horses

FEW men have loved horses more than George Washington. He recorded a delightful anecdote concerning his pre-school experience at learning to ride.

"I remember that my father was teaching me to ride my pony and to make him leap, but the pony refused over and over. And this being near the house, my mother ran out and at last had a kind of hysteric turn. My father sat still on a big stallion and took no notice of her entreaties. At last I got the pony over and he fell with me. I jumped up and was in the saddle in a moment. My father said that was ill-ridden, and must try again, and upon this my mother ran back into the house crying out that I would be murdered. But my father was this kind of a man; he hated defeat."

By the time he was six George was riding a pony two miles each way to a little "field school" kept at Falmouth Church. A little later his Uncle Ben gave him a dappled gray pony, Hero, which he was never to forget.

By the time he was sixteen George's superb horsemanship attracted the famous Lord Fairfax, who commissioned him to survey his wilderness lands. The long days in the saddle were a delight to him.



General Washington on batt'efield at Trenton. Engraved by W. Warner after painting by John Trumbull

During the years of the Revolution, horsemanship was of great importance to Washington. He had acquired a powerful chestnut stallion, Lexington, whom he dearly loved. It almost broke his heart when, during the Battle of Monmouth, the cumulative effect of a hot June day and

(Continued on page 64)

Program Suggestions for February

THE February discussion theme for users of THE LINK is "Witnessing to the Christian Way." In the magazine, you will find four articles on this subject written by Dr. Raymond Veh.

"It Takes a Man!"—page seven.

"Speaking Without Words"—page twenty-two.

"All Men Are Brothers"—page forty-three.

"Without Religious Jargon"—page fifty-one.

We hope, of course, that there will be many individual readers of these excellent articles; and then, that many of you will meet in small groups in the chapel, in the barracks, on ship, wherever you can, to dig deep into the theme of Christian witnessing, especially in the military service. Here are a few questions Dr. Veh has sent along to help you:

1. Evaluate this statement: "A Christian cannot be friends with both God and the world."
2. How can Christians best help solve the race problem in America?
3. Someone has said: "I wonder if Christianity is hindered more by the people who are outright bad, or by the people who try to be good in such bad ways." What are some wrong methods used by Christians in witnessing?
4. How do you talk like a Christian? Describe the conversation of a real Christian witness.
5. How do you develop deep, inner resources which help you meet life's crises?

Lay leaders in all the services will find that these topics furnish them with a wealth of material for talks and programs. Read each article. Think about it. Underline important phrases. Review the article. And then use it.

Other materials should help expand the theme. "The Darkest Hour" shows the witness of George Washington in one of America's critical hours. "Port of Missing Men" reveals how Shirley Wessel witnesses through her vocation. "The Morning Star" tells of the witness of the reformer John Wycliffe as he defied the Church of Rome to give the world the gospel. Even the story "Young and Scared," which appeared originally in the *Saturday Evening Post* shows the witness of a young soldier who could not stand by and let crooks harass a young girl.

Remember to make your own witness effective through sincerity and dedication.

Pesos From Heaven

(Continued from page 21)

was bringing his self-respect to fulfillment.

He spoke somewhat pompously. "Well, señorita, if it is not yours, then surely it must be mine. Isn't that so?" She nodded numbly. . . "Well then señorita, since I have no need of it," he lied, "I am not a beggar as you incorrectly stated but a student at the *colegio* where I earn enough to live on."

"Forgive me," she said.

"It is nothing, señorita, and since this money is clearly mine I give it to you with—" he searched for and found that wonderfully meaningful American expression—"with no strings attached."

"Oh, I do need the money so badly," she said, her eyes brimming again, "just a little of it. I need enough for bus fare to get back home and marry the boy who was courting me but I wanted to be modern and have a career in the big city and a chance to meet some really important men. How stupid I was."

And whether it was partly her own real personal need or whether, like the American woman who manufactured errands to nurture a youth's new pride, she sensed instinctively the boy's need. She said solemnly, "Señor, I would be very happy to accept enough money for my bus fare home. Thank you."

As he handed over the pesos Benito had never found himself happier in all his life.



He Loved Horses

(Continued from page 62)

perilous sandy terrain caused the spirited charger to die of sunstroke.

Only the names of four of Washington's many fine horses have been preserved. Magnolia, he said, was the fastest horse he ever owned; Nelson, a big charger, took the place of his beloved Lexington, and was ridden throughout the war; and finally, Blueskin, often called the most beautiful horse in the Colonies.

During his presidency, when the American Artist, John Trumbull, petitioned for permission to paint his portrait, Washington agreed on one condition—that the artist paint beside him one of his splendid horses.

After his hard years as President, Washington returned to his horses and farm. He rode daily, even as an old man, and finally while riding over his land in a cold rainstorm, he contracted the severe cold that resulted in his death. And, in keeping with his lifelong love of horses, some of his last words were inquiries concerning their welfare.

Upper left—Earliest portrait of Abraham Lincoln. From a photograph of the daguerreotype believed to have been made in Washington about 1848 when Lincoln was a representative in Congress from Illinois. ➤

Lower right—From a photograph made by Gardner in Washington, D.C., November 8, 1863. The photograph was autographed by Lincoln and first published in 1863 or 1864. ➤



Lincoln

YOU ask me why he wore a shawl.
Because, I say, he was so tall,
And in that higher atmosphere
Where views are far and concepts clear,
He often felt the cold's caress,
And knew the chill of loneliness.

—GEORGE L. KRESS





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